

Letters from Mandatary

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Professor J. H. Gardiner

1906

Letters from Mandalay.

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A SERIES OF LETTERS

FOR THE MOST PART WRITTEN FROM THE ROYAL CITY OF MANDALAY DURING
THE TROUBLOUS YEARS OF 1878-79; TOGETHER WITH LETTERS WRITTEN
DURING THE LAST BURMESE CAMPAIGN OF 1885-88,

BY THE LATE

JAMES ALFRED COLBECK

S.P.G. Mission Priest, and Acting Chaplain to the Forces.

EDITED BY

GEORGE H. COLBECK

Formerly Mission Priest of Mandalay.

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*Gift of
Prof. J. R. Gardner*

P R E F A C E.

MANY friends and admirers of the late JAMES A. COLBECK, the writer of the letters of this small volume, have frequently asked for some memorial of his life and work, and it has been suggested that the present issue of this collection of letters, &c., would be acceptable.

The letters are, to a great extent, copies and extracts from private communications; though, as will be found, they contain much of general interest, especially that which has reference to Burmese Court affairs immediately before and after the fall of the "Last of the Aloungpayahs."

The Editor has endeavoured to keep to matters of general interest, though he has frequently been tempted to introduce subjects and events bearing more closely on the Missionary labours of the writer.

This Missionary work, together with a short memoir, may possibly be published at a future time. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in recording his death, agreed that "No more faithful,

earnest, and successful Missionary has gone forth in this generation to carry the Gospel to the heathen, and the Church has lost a man who is a signal example of all that a Missionary ought to be."

The writer was well acquainted with the language, manners, and customs of the people, among whom he lived and laboured for fifteen successive years; and so the present volume may be regarded as a trustworthy and authentic record of events that occurred during a somewhat eventful and historic period, proving also, as the late Bishop Titcombe remarks in his "Personal Recollections of British Burmah," that the Priest of Mandalay was "not only a preserver of human lives, but a diligent overseer of souls."

Thus we conclude and leave this little volume to the generosity of our friends.

GEORGE H. COLBECK.

HAREWOOD,

Feast of S. Peter, 1892.



INTRODUCTION.

ON the accession of a new king to the Burmese Throne, it was generally the custom to search for a site on which to build a new capital, with its palaces and residences for the King, Queens, and court officials. On the accession of King Mindohn Min, in the year 1853, "the wisest and best of the Kings" (as the Burmese say), to the throne of his fathers, according to this custom, the king called together a council of the Poonahs, or Brahmin astrologers of the Court, to decide upon a new capital. As soon as the Poonahs had given their verdict in favour of Mandalay as the site for the new "City of Gems," it took little time to issue a Royal "Amaindaw," or order, for all Burmese subjects to remove themselves and their houses from the old city of Amarapoora to the newly-elected site of Mandalay. The city is about a mile and a-half from the shore of the Irrawaddy. To reach the city one must pass through the native town of Mandalay, which is laid out in good wide streets, though the houses and shops are very poor. The Commoners live here, as no other than members of the Royal Family, with their relatives, and court officials, were permitted to reside within the city, which is surrounded by a high wall a little more than a mile square, being further surrounded by a deep moat, on which the king used to keep his royal barge or water palace, though it is said he very rarely trusted his royal person within it. There are

twelve gates or entrances to the city, the moat being crossed by narrow bridges on each of the four sides. Within the centre of the walled enclosure stands the "Nandaw" or palace, the "Centre of the Universe," in which dwelt the "Lord of the White Elephant."

The throne room is a magnificent hall of wood on a brick platform, with splendid teak posts running up high above, and completely covered with gold-leaf and painted vermillion. The throne itself sparkles and glitters with gold and a variety of ornaments and mosaics of various devices worked in coloured glass. From the throne one can see right through the court-yards' eastern gate, to the Shan Hills beyond, and so on to the sunrising. It was in this hall that the English troops paraded for divine service, and in which the lamented Duke of Clarence made his Communion on Christmas Day, 1889. This is the hall of audience, where the king held his levees and receptions, and only those who have seen a royal "gadaw day" can in any degree realise the grandeur of the scene. The King, seated on a raised dais at the west end of the hall, with his queens or other royal favourites reclining or kneeling near him; a vast crowd of gaily dressed Burmans lying prostrate at the "Golden Feet," and not daring to move hand or foot, or make the slightest sound in the royal presence. Only when the king vacated the throne could the change into an easier posture be made. Many times have I been told of the intense sufferings which were endured at these state functions, and which sometimes lasted for several hours. Since the annexation, the palace has been most useful as a place of residence and offices for military officials.

In the centre of the native town the old King Mindohn, at his entire expense, erected a beautiful church, school, and clergy-house, doubtless with the idea of securing for himself and his country educational and other advantages. He was a great politician, and probably thought that this act would cement his friendship with the British. However, this singular fact of a Buddhist king building a Church for Christians attracted the interest of her Majesty Queen Victoria, and she sent the beautiful marble font which stands just within the west door.

The school was at first visited by several of the princes, including the now exiled Thibau, and a number of royal pages and other boys were sent by the King. During a short period in Thibau's reign, when all English subjects had vacated Mandalay, an attempt was made to establish an University in the buildings. Classes for Burmese, Shan, Chinese, Siamese, and Arabic, besides Western languages were started, but the Principal is said to have been killed in a fight with the Shans, and the University died with him.

Stories are told of dacoits or brigands making the Church Tower their trysting place, and after capture there being led to execution.

1886 brought a great change, and Lord Dufferin made to the British Crown a New Year's Gift of the country, and the following proclamation was issued:—

“By command of the Queen Empress, it is here notified that the territories formerly governed by King Thibau will no longer be under his rule, but have become part of her Majesty's Dominions, and will during her Majesty's pleasure be administered by such officers as

the Viceroy and Governor-General may from time to time appoint.

“(Signed)

“DUFFERIN,

“ Viceroy and Governor-General.”

From this time we may say that the country has visibly improved, and has been becoming more and more settled. True, there have been outbreaks; bands of dacoits and discontented Burmans have infested the country, and noble and brave men have been lost in quelling and putting them down; but it has been chiefly Burman plundering Burman, and quiet people have been terrified by their own countrymen. Several of the Shan Princes, too, have endeavoured to resist the British in spite of the excellent example set them by the present enterprising and loyal Tsawbwa of Thibau. During King Thibau's reign trade was stagnant, and Burmese as well as European merchants were afraid to venture or speculate. Now, however, the whole country has brightened up, improvements in city and village are distinctly evident, and though the people—as loyal Burmans—would, no doubt, like a King of their own to sit on the throne, yet they are glad to confess that they are much happier and more prosperous under British rule. The justice and purity of English law and its administration has a great effect upon them. They never before saw it on this fashion.

Educational advantages are eagerly sought after and enjoyed. The old monastic schools are deserted, and the Hpoongyees or monks are losing their place and power in the country.

In all the great towns and cities there are large monasteries for the Hpoongyees, who subsist upon

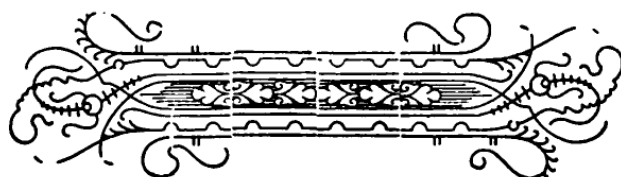
the offerings of the people. Of these Hpoongyees there are a great number all over the country; but in Mandalay, in the days of the kings, they seemed to constitute nearly half the population. There were in and about the city, according to the king's own statement, some 20,000 of them; and as all wear the yellow robe, they made a conspicuous figure every morning as they went on their rounds from house to house to obtain their day's food.

This number has, however, considerably diminished; people are not so ready to feed them as formerly, and now there are probably not more than 5,000, neither are they the most intellectual of the population.

The people, generally, are a merry, happy, easy-going and good natured race, having earned for themselves the title of the "Irish of the East."

The country is rich and fruitful, and will be found more so, no doubt, on further investigation, so that with able administration, honest enterprise, and careful industry, Burmah will, in a few years' time, become one of the most prosperous and important of our Eastern possessions.

G.H.C.



Letters from Mandalay,

1878-79.

RANGOON TO MANDALAY.

Rangoon, July 16th, 1878.

I AM on the move again, Bishop has given orders for me to proceed to Mandalay. I am no coward, but yet do not at all like the idea of going to Mandalay. There are few Christians of any sort. The English can be counted on the fingers very easily. There are next to no Tamils, and altogether the "Minister of Mandalay" has to endure a kind of banishment. Add to this the possibilities of the King giving trouble, and the continual rebellions which take place. . . . Mandalay is a good centre for a Mission, but not yet. The Bishop fears I shall get obnoxious to the Burmese Government and be put into prison the first month. I don't know why exactly, but if I were put in prison for Christ's sake, both you and I ought to feel it an honour. Of course we know Mandalay has been hanging over me for long enough, and now the word is given there should be no great surprise. The more I think about it, the more resigned I am, and the less difficulty I have in looking calmly at the situation and finding hope and cheerfulness. A further complication is owing to the fact that the British Government of India assumes some control over the "Minister of Mandalay," and thus you see there is S.P.G.

B

and the Bishop on one side, the King of Burmah on the other, and Her Imperial Majesty between the two. By rule the Minister of Mandalay must visit Bhamo, the frontier town between China and Upper Burmah. There is a political agency of the Indian Government here, so I should naturally visit it occasionally, at least. It will please you to hear that the latest accounts from Mandalay represent the King and Court as more favourably disposed towards the Mission.

July 30th. On the 18th off I went, at 6-30 a.m. started from Kemmendine, and after a long journey reached Prome the same day at 7-30 p.m. We stopped for the night at the Traveller's Bungalow, and next day, Friday, went on board and rapidly steamed up past Thayetmyo, and then left the territory of the Empress of India, and entered that of the Empire of Burmah. My thoughts and feelings were much the same as when I first crossed the frontier, in 1874, but deeper and more earnest. It felt to be a more real duty than ever to pray for the King of Burmah. This we do now every day according to the ancient custom of the Church, and more ancient command of S. Paul: "I exhort first of all &c. . . . for Kings." Of course he did not then speak of Christian Kings for there were none.

ARRIVAL AT MANDALAY.

After being two days within Upper Burmah, during a squall of rain and wind, the steamer got aground on a sand-bank, and there we stuck helpless; another steamer fortunately came up next morning, and after a whole day tugging, hauling, twist-

ing and twining, discharging into a flat we were towing, 500 bags of rice ; blowing off by steam pressure the water from our boilers, 30 tons, we managed to get off. We reached Mandalay, the Royal Golden City, on Saturday evening, at 7, but it was some time before I could land. I am now well pleased that I have been sent here, and believe I shall be happy. It seems quite natural for me to be here again, and there are numbers of faces which I remember. I won't lead you into Mandalay politics because I know so little about them yet, and I am ordered to beware of politics. As for seeing the King, I do not yet know. It is very ungracious to take possession of the splendid Clergy House, Church, &c., and not to be ready and willing to pay respects to the Monarch who built it. I am ready and willing to pay my respects to the King, but there are obstacles in the way of free action.

Aug. 7th. I find myself becoming quite grateful to the King of Burmah for doing in past time all he has done, and heartily use a special prayer for him in our services. You see up here we are not under the authority of the Queen, and to tell you the honest truth, it felt quite wrong to use all the State prayers for the Queen of England, and leave the Monarch of the country quite out.

If it be so ordered that I see the King soon, much may depend upon our first interview. It can be no harm to tell you that one of my instructions is "not to seek an interview with the King and Court."—It is a test of my obedience for I am strongly of opinion that it would be the best thing possible to see the King at once.

Mandalay is just as ever a place of plots and counter-plots. I do not think there is as much good feeling towards foreigners as there used to be. Cholera is bad here, in fact, in all parts of Burmah more or less. Rain was wanted much, but during the last week, beautiful refreshing showers have fallen, so we ought to be thankful.

ESCAPE OF REFUGEES.

Sept. 18th. When I last wrote, I was expecting and watching for the arrival of refugee Princes escaping from an expected massacre; we did not know whether the King was alive or dead, and expected to hear a wild outburst of confusion every moment. I stayed up till the next morning at 3, and then turned in till 6 o'clock,—nothing happened. Next day, according to secret information received, a “Lady of the Palace” came dressed as a bazaar woman, and shortly after came about a dozen others; they were more than I had bargained for, but I had to take them in and secrete them as well as possible. A few minutes after them came in a common coolie, as I thought. I got up and said, “Who are you?” He said, “I am Prince Nyoung Yan,”—“save me.” He was terribly agitated, had escaped from a house in which he was confined, and his Uncle had been cut down—not killed—in opening a way for the Prince to escape. This made me a party of 12:—The Prince and his wife, two daughters (Princesses), one son (Prince), Foster Mother and her daughter and attendants. Do not blame me for risking my own safety, for after all it is something to be an Englishman, and more to be a priest. My house is even by Buddhists regarded as

sacred, and not lightly to be disturbed. We knew search was being made for the fugitives, and so as soon as dusk came, we dressed up our Prince, Ny young Yan, as a Tamil servant, and as it fortunately came on to rain I smuggled him into the Residency Compound, right under the noses of the Burmese guard at the gate. He carried a lamp and held an umbrella over me, as it was raining, and I treated him in character *i.e.*, spoke to him as a servant &c., until the coast was clear. We did it capitally, and even cheated the Indian servants of the Doctor into whose house we first went. Prince Ny young Yan, alias Ramasawmy, did his part well, and we could afford to laugh at it were it not that he is still in some danger. He might be proclaimed King tomorrow, or if one of his half-brothers was proclaimed he would know that Upper Burmah is no longer safe for him.

I could not take any more in that night, and next day the guards were doubled. Every moment we expected a visit from the sergeant of the guard, and when I got back home at 11-30, I was quite a little bit alarmed to hear that one of our servants had been arrested. It turned out afterwards that it was only because he was travelling about after 9 o'clock at night without a light, so our head master and I went out, and actually had the cheek to take with us our great enemy the serjeant of the guard at the Residency gate, to help us to get the servant out of another guard house; we were perfectly successful, we had to bully the soldiers a good deal, and they grumbled and growled when we at last took him away. "What do you mean by arresting the servant of the English Priest?"—"If you don't look out we'll

report the whole affair to the authorities, and you'll get it finely."—"Let him go at once, and don't talk such bosh and nonsense."—That was the style.

Next evening I went to dinner with the British President. This was a *bona fide* engagement; as it was dark of course I needed a light, so one of the Prince's servants became my servant, and a sweet but sad little Princess of ten years, dressed as a boy, followed me, carrying books for me. This is just in Burmese style. Priests get boys to carry books &c. for them, so we got through the guard again; I thought they were going to stop us long before we got to the gate, but walked boldly on, and the guard cleared out of my way, so Princess Tay Tain Lat got in safely to her father. Shortly after I got home, at about 11 o'clock, two of the guard strolled into our compound with drawn swords. I heard their footsteps but did not know who they were, so I challenged them, "Who's there?"—Answer, "Guard."—"What do you want?"—Answer, "Things are very unquiet, we have come to see that all is quiet here."—I replied, "Very good, the best place to watch is at the gate." They went, and then I breathed freely again, I thought they must have got some idea of my little family. Next morning I sent Princess Tay Tain Gyee to the Post Office, which is inside the Residency Compound, dressed up as a boy. One of my own Christian boys from Kem-mendine went with her and brought back a note from Mr. Shaw, the British Resident, saying she had got in safely. The Postmaster came to breakfast with me, and as he was going back to office, I said he might as well take a boy with a box of books &c. He said, "all right," and got safely in by another gate, also guarded. This

“boy,” dressed as such, was the foster sister of the Prince, and a brave little woman she was. It was she who had come first of all to prepare the way for the whole family. If she had been apprehended she would have been beaten to death very likely. When the Prince’s Uncle was cut down, his son was near him and had his fingers cut off; he was afterwards beaten in order to make him divulge secrets, and with one thing and another the poor man died. The Prince’s wife was got in as a jewel broker. The lady made a very nice young man, but her shape betrayed her. The old sergeant suspected something wrong and seized a China boy and Burmese boy who had gone in with her; but they knew nothing of their companion, except that I had sent *him* in with them, and the old sergeant had not wit enough to seize her at once; he pondered till she was quite safe within the Residency, and only knew she was a woman and did not come out again.

I have not time to tell how the rest got in, but at night I went again to dinner, and needing a light took the old grandmother, (*i.e.*) Prince’s mother-in-law, as my old man and lantern bearer, and the little Princelet followed me as a shadow. We were nearly discovered because my old man, though she looked very nice, was only an old woman after all, and had poor eyes. I stumbled over her and nearly tumbled on the top of three of the guard, who were sitting down by the side of the road. Perhaps this incident got us off, the light dazzled me and them too, and the *old man* mended his ways so that at last we too got safely in. I can tell you I was very thankful when the last got into a place of safety, for the Burmese Officers will not dare to take them out of the

Residency by force. I fancy there must have been some of the Prince's men in the guard, or they would hardly have allowed so many to slip through. Once or twice the fellows seemed on the point of rushing at us as they paced up and down before the gate, but they had received no orders to stop Europeans, and of course Europeans generally have a servant to carry the lamp, so that the servant goes where his master goes. Next day the old Dine Goung (the sergeant), in conversation with the headmaster said he was afraid all was not right in the English Hpoongyee's House, and he wanted to search. "You are quite at liberty to do so," was the reply, for all the birds had flown. He did not come to do it. I got better sleep that night, six hours instead of three, and did not trouble my head to look narrowly at everybody that came near the gate.

The Prince and all his people are very grateful. If he becomes King and remembers his peril, no one knows what may result. There is another Prince who is spoken of as the future King; but so many rumours are spread abroad that we can believe nothing. The Prince says, "the life that I got from my father and mother, I lost on—such a day—and now I am living the life that you gave me." I said, "I am not accustomed to use the Burmese of the Court, therefore pardon my blunders in addressing you." He said, "Do not say that, if you swear at, or abuse me, it is good for me to hear."

If the other Prince really becomes King, I must make the best of my case, and shall of course plead on the score of humanity and pity. This Prince was formerly in the batch sent by the King to school. There are a dozen or so unfortunate Princes in chains in the Palace.

The Burmese Authorities do not seem to have made their choice yet, and so no one has yet lost his head. It may be that after all the Princes will be sent away to British Burmah; anyhow it is a good thing for the rest that there are two safe in the British Residency. The Resident tells the Burmese Ministers, "If you take these Princes away by force, you declare war with the British." They are afraid of losing all their Kingdom. It would be foolish to say we are not troubled, because we really are. However, the more days get over the better it is for prospects of peace and quiet. The whole is not over yet, it is only a week ago since I sat expecting the refugees. They have spoiled my sleep and my appetite, and made me as watchful as a cat. I heard yesterday, that all the Princes in the Palace except two, Prince Thibau and Prince Mine Tone, were to be starved to death. This is not confirmed to-day, but they are under close confinement and being badly treated.

SEIZURE OF PRINCES.

Sept. 28th. We are still kept in annoying suspense and do not really know for certain whether the old King is alive or dead; we believe he is dead, but the Burmese Ministers declare he is still alive and improving, and will give a Royal Reception at the end of the Burmese Lent, that is, in about fourteen days more.

Meanwhile Prince Thibau has been appointed Heir Apparent, but rumour says this is all a farce. We know now that a very large part of the people are in favour of the Nyoung Yan Prince—and it is also said that many

of the officials favour him too; but they have been persuaded by the Head Queen, either to agree to receive her nominee, Thibau, or at all events to wait awhile. Between 60 and 70 Princes and their relatives are now in chains, badly treated and in terror of their lives. It has been reported that several have been put to death; but I hardly think that is true. There was a scuffle the other day which had a serious ending. The Ministers, to keep up appearances, said the King had called the Princes, and was going to make presents of money and send each to his own Principality. Chains were knocked off, escorts provided, money carried into a big hall into which several Princes were led. They went in at one door, but when they went out at the other, they were again seized and fettered. Three Princes, feeling themselves free, made a run for life and liberty, but were all captured again.—One of them was the Mine Tone Prince, a favourite pupil in the S.P.G. school, in old days.

The Palace is surrounded by high walls and palisades, and he got on to the top of one of these, but fell down inside again. One of the others received a sword cut on his head which brought him down, and we have since heard he has been put to death. He was a desperate fellow and a great hater of the English, so that if dead, the country will not suffer much loss in consequence.

The Nyong Yan is profuse in his gratitude to me, and declares as before, that he is now living the life I gave him. He has really a very good prospect of becoming King, as the people say the Thibau Prince is too young, only 19 years, and that he will be guided entirely by the Hpoongyees, with whom, as a Hpoongyee, he has been living for some years.

I had another batch of refugees here yesterday, but managed to get them all safely into the British Residency Compound. One other batch is expected, and then I shall have done, I hope. In the event of Thibau becoming King, if he suspected me of having aided these people to escape, I do not think there would be much difficulty, as Hpoongyee Kyoungs or Monasteries are allowed to shield such persons at times, and I could make a good defence. The various reports of the manner in which the two Princes, Nyoung Yan and his younger brother Nyoung Oke, got into the Residency, are very amusing to those who know exactly how it all happened, and their multitude is a great safeguard to us. There are people living in our Compound who know nothing of our having had so many people here. It was good our house is so large.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

There is no trade going on now ; people crowd out of Mandalay by every steamer. The British Government have sent up a steamer to be ready to take us down if need be, and there is a gunboat ready to start from Prome or Thayetmyo for Mandalay, with a party of Sailors and Marines, at an hour's notice. The preparations are known to the Burmese officials, so they have become more careful. The worst of it is many people in British Burmah want a war with Upper Burmah, and then hope the country will be annexed to the British Empire. Of course if war was declared we should be seized at once. The Resident says he intends writing to the Chief Commissioner of British Burmah, telling him to hang the Editors of the Rangoon Newspapers for

their inflammatory articles. Reports have been spread that the Burmese authorities intended to take the refugee Princes by force from beneath the British Flag; and lots of people believe they will do so yet; but it is not at all likely unless all the Burmese authorities go mad and the soldiers get drunk.

The Nyoung Yan Prince gave me a number of thin plates of gold, pure and unmanufactured—to provide for sending down some of his people to Rangoon, in case he should have gone away himself; but almost all have turned up already, so I shall have no more, and must hand the gold leaves back again.

DEATH OF KING MINDOHN.

Oct. 12th. We have had considerable excitement of late, and as the telegraphic communication was interrupted, the Chief Commissioner sent up a Despatch Boat from Rangoon to see how we all were; we are quite well, and only on the look out for the next surprise. After all, the old King was not dead when the sons were seized. He did not die till October 1st. I would have believed no one who had not seen the body, but as I saw the Lying in State myself, my belief in the death having taken place three weeks ago was completely shaken.

LYING IN STATE.

I wonder whether I can tell you about the Lying in State.—Let me try. I had heard of the official notification of the death of the King to the British Resident, and also that foreigners would be allowed to pay their respects to the old King's memory; but no invitation had

been sent to the British. However, at midnight, on Thursday, I received a note from the Residency, saying that English British subjects would be admitted on Friday morning, from 6 to 9 a.m. I went at 8 o'clock, and having dismounted and left my umbrella at the outer gate of the Palace, was taken to the Supreme Court and received by the City Magistrate, or as he is called in Burmese the Myo-tha-woon-douk. I had to take my shoes off at the stairs leading up to the Court, but was kindly received, and we sat on the floor for a while talking, until we were joined by Dr. W——., who is an English Merchant, and Mr. C——., the Italian Consul. I cannot attempt to describe the various buildings now, so you must imagine fine buildings of wood, completely gilded, and with huge pillars of red lacquered wood, of various sorts, sizes, and shapes. We passed by the Throne, which is in the centre of the Palace, under a splendid canopy of glittering roofs tapering up like a card house, and having on its top a golden umbrella very elegantly wrought. After passing through gate after gate, we came to the Presence Chamber, a large, lofty, darkened room, in which the King's body was lying on a kind of couch. Two Princesses knelt near the body fanning it, and at the foot of the couch were a large number of Queens, Princesses, and Maids of Honour; all were kneeling and very quiet, and dressed completely in white, as also was the body. The body was quite natural and fresh, so that death could not have taken place more than two days before. After sitting about three minutes we retired. When we got to the bottom of the steps we could not find our boots, they had sent them away to the steps of the High Court about 100 yards away, and

purposely made us walk in our stockings to that place. The Italian was angry enough, I was more amused than angry; all the more as the ground was not dry, and we were as nice as cats as to where we planted our feet. We were the only Europeans allowed to see the King's face, as immediately afterwards it was covered with a veil, I was glad to pay this visit, as the old King was at least a benefactor to us—witness Church, Clergy-House, &c.

There were heaps of soldiers on guard, but few of them seemed able to do much, their arms are very old, discarded Indian Army Rifles, and many still older, flint locks. There were a few pieces of artillery here and there within the Palace, but as the law forbids them to be fired within the Palace, and they are never taken out for practice, it is doubtful whether it would be safe to fire them. The largest pieces were 24 pounders, and I only saw two of them.

Our friend the Nyoung Yan Min-Tha has not been appointed King, but Thibau Min-Tha has, so that we must keep quiet here, and not blaze abroad our doings of the past month. The two Princes and their families are still safe in the British Residency, and since I last wrote I have introduced five other people. It is risky, but I cannot get out of it when the people come to me. It is, in fact, easier to get them within the Resident's Compound, than to send them away and keep them out of mine.

PRINCES IN PRISON.

The other Princes are still in prison, quite a black hole. If sickness does not carry off a number of them, I shall be much surprised. Jestings at people's misery is not nice or proper, but the accounts we hear of the be-

haviour of the various kinds and ages of Princes are rather amusing, *e.g.*, Attendant bringing food (which is inserted into the den through a small aperture): "Prince, are you there, are you well? Young Prince completely cowed by hunger and fear, "Yes, my Lord, by your Lordship's favour.—That is No. 1.

No. 2.—Attendant (to Princes 19 to 25 years of age): "Prince, are you there, are you well?"

Prince (laconic): "Yes thank you, I am here."

No. 3.—Attendant to oldest Prince (30, or about that age): "Prince, are you there, &c."

Prince immediately begins cursing and swearing at the fellow, and only asks for a sword "to assassinate my own life" as our reporter has it.

The place is by no means settled. Less business than ever. People afraid to talk of what is going on; but I do not think an outbreak will take place. News has been brought of a big Dacoity or robbery, five days' march from Mandalay. A town of 2,000 houses has been plundered and fired. Troops have been sent after the robbers, as if not quickly dispersed they may raise a rebellion for one of the captive or escaped Princes. The truth is that we hear so many rumours, that we do not know what to believe.

The Royal Funeral has taken place, and Prince Thibau declared King. I went with the British Resident and party, but must put off giving the account to another time.

MORE REFUGEES.

Nov. 1st, The air is still full of startling rumours, *All Saints' Day.* and young King Thibau has taken a fancy to throwing spears about at those who offend him. If

he goes on with that little game, his reign will not be very long—of that we are sure. We have several refugees in the Clergy-House now. Two cousins of the Prince whom I helped to escape, are with me, and to avoid suspicion, I have made them turn coolies, working in our garden and making fencing. This they are quite willing to do. It occupies their minds and hands, and they quite see the reason why I prefer them thus to work rather than hiding away in one of the rooms of the house. They also earn their food by this means. The father of one of these men was Governor of Rangoon years and years ago, and is said to have brought on the war with the British, which ended in our taking Rangoon and the whole Province of Pegu, which we have since retained. This was in 1852 and 1853. He, *i.e.*, the father above spoken of, and his son, both put on the robes of Hpoongyees and went into a Monastery, but they were hunted out. The son escaped and is now with me. The father was caught and after being examined by torture, was put into prison. Some say he has been beaten to death; the reason for all this is that they are relations of the Nyoung Yan Prince, and supposed, truly or falsely, to be intriguing to get up a plot in his favour. Two nights ago, a poor woman with her little daughter threw herself on my mercy. She had been to other places, but had been turned out as she was the wife of one of the sons of the old Governor of Rangoon before mentioned. I could not turn her out, and so she is still here. One has to be very cautious in sending them away. I have tried to find a way for her into the Residency Compound where some of her relations are with the Nyoung Yan; but it seemed safer for her to remain here a day or two,

and if her child would not cry there would be no fear; but children will cry you know, they are very unreasonable creatures, as I daresay you know.

Have I told you of my little adventure? I think not. The other day, having been invited to see one of the head Hpoongyees, I started off early, but missed the guide who was to have been sent for me. I did not know exactly where the Monastery was, and was riding about here and there trying to find it. At last I came to a Burmese guard house, but instead of quietly waiting to hear my civil enquiry, one of the guard said rudely "Who are you, and where do you come from." This, I am sorry to say, put me on my mettle, and I pitched into him rather forcibly and then rode away. He, however, followed me, and thinking it best to avoid a scene, I rode back to him, which softened him a little. He told me to get off my pony, which I declined to do; and said he had orders to prevent the English Priest, or any Englishman, from holding any communication with the head Hpoongyees. The Burmese Government, you see, is dreadfully afraid of us. Then he said, "Come with me to the officer commanding my division." As he said it was quite close, I consented, but said, "I want to see the Hpoongyee, not your "Officer." When we got to the officer's quarters, he wished me to dismount at the outer gate, and go in, which I refused, and told him to go in, and that I would stay till he returned. The officer was not in, but another man came, and as I declined to tell him my business with the big Hpoongyee, the two of them went with me, shewing the way. It so happened that the Hpoongyee had been suddenly called away by one of the Ministers of the Court that

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morning, and was not at home, so that, though one of the guard followed up all over the place, and listened to all I said to the other Hpoongyees, he learned nothing of my business. I did not know then, but the next day a messenger came to me from the Head Hpoongyee, to ask whether in case of a big row, I would receive and shelter the said Head Hpoongyee for a few days. I said "Yes." After my visit, it seems the guard tried to get out of the Hpoongyees everything about the whole affair. Since then, heaps of Hpoongyees have been arrested, including two or three big ones—like our Bishops—and several have been put into prison and beaten. I hope my old friend is not among them. I have told the affair to the Resident, and he has informed the Burmese Government that I was rudely stopped, so that it will not be likely to occur again if things keep quiet.

Over 1000 Hpoongyees have left for Lower Burmah since the troubles began here. The new King, though he has only just left a Monastery, will not do half as much for them as his father did.

FUNERAL OF THE KING.

Nov. 2nd. Let me try to redeem my promise to *All Souls' Day.* describe the King's Funeral. On Monday, October 7th, at 9 o'clock, I went to the British Residency, where a procession formed. The Resident in full political and diplomatic uniform, sword and all, first mounted on a big elephant, sent by the Burmese Government; then the Assistant Resident on another elephant; then the English Hpoongyee on a pony, who rather objected to follow a great hulking elephant, and tried to bolt twice. After us came a lot of followers, without

arms, for strange to say, the Residency guard have no arms, they are mere watchmen and Lascars. When we got to the East gate of the Palace enclosure, we were met by the Burmese officials, who greeted us warmly and shook hands, then led us to a tent specially arranged for us. No foreign sword had ever been allowed inside the Palace before, so there was one concession. We passed between long rows of Burmese soldiers, most of whom wore ordinary dress, and had old Brown Bess Muskets, some even flint locks, such as may have been used at the battle of Waterloo. Not a single breech loader did I see. In the tent we found a raised Daïs, and at the end of the Daïs a raised step covered with fine carpets, upon which we sat, hats and shoes on, though the Woon Douk, or official, who had come to bring us in, took off his sandals. We had a capital view of the whole proceedings, and rather to our surprise, saw that everybody else besides ourselves and an English Doctor had to take their shoes off, before going into the tents or booths prepared for them. Troops began to multiply, and dignitaries to arrive, each with an escort. Everybody was in white, the mourning colour. At last the funeral procession came, the body of the late King, surrounded by Queens, and shaded by seven white umbrellas, was preceded by 40 or 50 Princesses, who had in their hands a white cord, as though they were dragging the Royal Bier. After this came a Royal Waw or Palankin—a kind of Throne, carried by about 50 men. The Throne was vacant, but at each of the four corners there was a young girl, bowing down with hands upraised, as in the attitude of worship or reverence. After this came a sham funeral pyre and catafalque, supposed to contain the King's body, with

everything ready for burning, as had been usually the custom. Behind it were carried the robes, sword, betel box, &c., of the late King, and two ponies fully caparisoned were also led behind.

After a considerable interval came the new King, sitting in a Waw as before; this carriage was a splendid affair, and all its surroundings were grand. Four handsome girls as before, were in the car. They are supposed never to move hand or eye, but ever to be in reverential awe. The sun blazed down upon them, but they stood that bravely. The King was surrounded by Ministers and troops, dressed in scarlet coats to their knees, but with green fancy cord bodices, and green helmets with ear flaps. As the Royal Car came along, everybody went down in silence to the ground. We stood up with hats off. The young King hardly moved his face at all, but we could see his eyes roll to our side trying to make out who we were. A Royal herald crawled forward on hands and knees, to read a petition, humbly begging that the new King would graciously order the funeral ceremonies of his deceased father to be proceeded with. "Let it be done duly and well" was the answer, and then the King's procession went back to the Palace. According to custom the body should have been burned, but the old King had asked that his body might be buried. Everything ready for the burning, the wood, two furnaces, &c., was prepared in dumb show, but the body was really placed in a Pagoda and bricked up as in a tomb. We went round to see everything, but as the chief queen was still at the tomb watching the workmen, we did not go close up to it. Everything was perfectly orderly and the

people quiet. Sometime after the British party had got in without being questioned, the Italian Consul arrived at the outer gate, he was stopped as he had his sword, but when a messenger came to the official who had brought us in, permission was given for his admission with his sword. This is a great departure from Burmese customs: they are wonderfully conservative, but you see are now giving way. Everybody was very kind to us, bringing us sweetmeats, tea, biscuits &c. One of the minor officials, Chief Clerk of the High Court of Justice, had been in England sometime, but you may imagine my amusement as well as astonishment to be asked by a Burman, in the Royal City and Palace, whether I was not a "High Churchman." In our conversation he said, "The day for the Burmese Hpoongyees is over, they will never again have the power they have had." We were taken back in State to the Palace gate, and mounted our beasts. It was a very hot day, and we had been three or four hours in the tent, so that I saw no fun in walking slowly behind the elephants, and so cantered quickly home. I went into the Residency, and was welcomed most heartily by the refugee Princes. They had got into a regular fright at our long absence, and imagined we had been seized and would be obliged to promise to deliver them up before we would be set free. My arrival was worth a lac of rupees to them, they said.

The King was grandly dressed, Cloth of Gold, and splendid Crown something like a Papal Tiara. It seemed so heavy that he could hardly move. There were muslin curtains about him, and once the curtain got entangled in the gold work on the top of the crown,

which gave him much trouble. He looked anything but comfortable or pleased, as a rebellion was anticipated at the time, and he might get polished off at once, and that was why he so quickly went back. Many of the Queens of the late King have been turned out of the Palace, and their jewels, which constitute their riches, taken from them. It is the custom for the King to marry several of his half-sisters, and the question is now, which of them. Two of the most influential and eligible decline to marry him,—one of them shaved her head and became a nun to avoid it. I don't know how he and they will settle the whole matter, but things are by no means peaceful yet. The Ministers have the chief power in their own hands still, so that the young King can do nothing startling just now. A plot has been found out during the last few days, and probably a good many people will suffer in one way or another. There will be continual plots until our two refugee Princes get away to India or elsewhere, and until it is known what is to be done with the poor chained captive Princes. No trade is being done, and people still crowd out of Mandalay.

AN EXCITING INCIDENT.

Nov. 9th. There was a very exciting affair last week, one of the river steamers was boarded by 200 Burmese soldiers and their superior officer, at a place called Mingyon, about 80 miles below Mandalay. He asked the captain to give up some refugees, slaves of the King, but refused to give the captain any warrant. The captain, like a true Britisher, said he would not surrender, nor allow his ship to be searched ; so they had a scuffle, the end of which was,

that 30 people were carried away by force. The boarding took place at three o'clock in the morning. I expect the Indian Government will come down hot upon the Burmese, but I hope they won't come down hotter upon us. As I write, the British Resident is holding a Conference with the Chief Ministers of the Burman Court, about this and the two refugee Princes. You see we are kept rather lively just now. The Burmese are looking out for the result of the war with Afghanistan; they think we shall have enough to do to maintain our own there, and that they will be able to have their own way here. Probably they will find out they are mistaken, especially if the British insist upon immediate satisfaction for the above affair and one or two others like it which have taken place lately. I do not think there will be war yet between India and Burmah, but there is no telling how foolish the Burmese may become. The Ministers have plenty of volunteers who said they would bring the refugee Princes by force from the protection of the British flag.

If I were in British Burmah, I should say, "*Burma divisa est in partes tres.*" But we will not joke about it.

DEPARTURE OF REFUGEES.

Nov. 16th. The two refugee Princes have now got safely away from Mandalay, on board a British steamer, so that we may fairly say they are safe from molestation. There was a great struggle before everything was settled; and time after time, as I have already told, there were alarms of a forcible capture, which would have meant war between the Indian

Government and Burmah, to result perhaps in the annexation of the latter—a thing which I do not wish to happen just now—I do want a little corner in the East to be independent. I think I told you about a violent seizure of thirty persons on board one of the river steamers—British. The Indian Government was very angry about it, and insisted on the officer who had so insulted the British flag being punished. This was a serious affair, so that the Burmese Government perhaps thought they might as well ask us to take away the refugees, and give them a house somewhere in British territory. Anyhow, it was decided that they should be sent down; and so last Wednesday evening, the Princes took formal leave of us, thanking all very heartily for what each had done. The Nyoung Yan was very good. His wife and children dressed up as Princes and Princesses should be. The ladies, with splendid diamonds &c., and looking very nice indeed, said “Good bye.” Of course I had seen them often enough, but never “In State.” One or two of them were nearly inclined to cry at parting from us.

The Prince made me promise to give him my photo., and promised his own, and that of his wife and children in return.

At day-break on Thursday, the 14th, I went over to the Residency, and quietly smuggled in the last of the refugees with me. The Burmese Government was evidently angry to be thus baulked of its prey, and sent neither elephants, carts, nor umbrellas, for the two Princes and their families; and in addition to the surliness, the officials appointed to see the Princes safely away were two hours late. At last the procession formed. First went the Chief Officer and armed

guard, then came various carts containing the Prince's library, which he was delighted to receive in safety through me; then the Nyoung Yan and his family in one bullock cart;—he ought to have had an elephant all to himself, with three golden umbrellas, and about a hundred followers; then the younger Prince and family; then the Assistant Resident, the Doctor and myself, on horse-back; then two English Court officials; the whole of us having a Burmese guard on each side lining the road. Last of all came 13 other carts containing the Prince's attendants, followers, &c. There were a good number of people to see the procession, and they have an idea that the British Government will yet place the Nyoung Yan upon the throne of Burmah. When the steamer was reached, all got quickly on board, and after saying good-bye to all once more, they left, followed closely by a Burmese Government steamer with a large number of troops on board. The Nyoung Yan was sad, for of course he is leaving his own country, and it is not settled where he shall go to. I am sad, too, for his children, if they go to India, and become like Bengal Baboos I shall indeed be sorry. Oo Zun and Tay Tin Ma Galay,—a young Prince and Princess, ages about 10 and 12, declare they love me very much. Little Oo Zun is about as mischievous as can well be; when he was in the Clergy House, I had to tell him I would beat him if he did not make less noise. He had begun to tumble about the place with the little dog Min-Gyan.

However, they have gone now, and we feel queer just for the moment, but there are yet clouds ahead. No one is allowed to see the young King; he is a prisoner really in the hands of his Ministers. Rangoon papers are

urging the despatch of an "Ultimatum" to the King, in fact, trying to foment disturbances between the two countries. I have not been to see the young King, and don't know what the real feeling of the Ministers towards me and Missionaries in general is. I saw the Roman Bishop, and some of the Priests the other day. They complained much of the evil lives of their countrymen, and Europeans in general, and said they were almost hopeless about Burmans. I said, I was not; though of course I acknowledged we had very few here yet. They are gathering their Priests for an annual retreat, and will number over a dozen altogether, *i.e.*, in Upper Burmah alone. Compare with this my solitariness, but I am hoping for better things; at all events, there is here plenty of room for prayer and study to fit one for future work, here or elsewhere, and indeed more battles are won by prayer than the world dreams of.

I shall rejoice to see the way made clearer for the advance of the kingdom of our dear Lord. Sometimes I long for hard trials that I might shew my love to Him; but this is wrong, "In your patience possess ye your souls." The trial now is to be patient, but my fear is that we are after all only cowards in sitting still while hundreds and thousands perish without Light, the Light of Life.

WHOLESALE MASSACRES.

Feb. 24th. We have had a terrible time here, but thanks be to God all Europeans are safe and untouched, at least for the present.

The King has turned mad with rage, vexation, and fury as it were, and has put to death as many members

of the old Royal Family as he could lay hold of. Thirty persons of Royal blood have been thus sacrificed, and many others connected with them. I cannot give you particulars now. The murders are estimated at, from 60 to 250, the former being nearer the mark. I believe we were in a very critical position for some time, but the guard—only 30 men however—has arrived now, and gives a possibility of our making some defence if attacked. The Church will probably become the fort.

ARMING AND DRILLING OF NATIVE TROOPS.

March 29th. We are all safe up to the present, but the clang of arms does not seem far off. Troops are being collected in Lower Burmah, and some detachments have been pushed forward close to the frontier. I hear, but do not know whether it is true, that an Embassy is coming up with an ultimatum to the King. I should not wonder if this were so, as it would bring up a fair escort, and so we should be able to leave Mandalay with it in case negociations ended unfavourably. I perhaps have a chance of martyrdom now, but it is a political martyrdom, and for that I have no ambition. It would be impossible for me to stay behind after the British Residency goes, as I should be looked upon as a spy, and probably be at once seized and put into prison, if nothing worse. You will be able to tell how affairs in general are proceeding by the telegrams in the London papers, so that my letters will probably only reach you after your fears are over.

For the time it is rather anxious work, *e.g.*, when the last mail arrived, the papers contained the articles of the ultimatum which is to be presented to the King. They

may be all nonsense, but they are severe enough, and I should not think the King would give way. These papers, of course, find their way into the Palace, and we heard that that very hour an order was given to march upon us and seize us all. If the King were in one of his drunken bouts he may have given the order, but the Ministers did not carry it out. They are clothing, drilling, and arming their troops, and so it is possible some mad officers who have never seen a British regiment, may think they are quite a match for us. The older Ministers of State know better than this, but their power is very little. The King gives all his ear to his youthful companions and fortune tellers, who are bound to say good concerning him, under penalty of finding themselves locked up and otherwise punished.

DIFFICULTIES OF MISSION WORK.

You will hardly expect to hear much Missionary news in this letter, but we are not dead in this work either; we were hoping to baptise eight or ten adults at Easter, besides five or six children, but they have become scattered here and there, and no one can come into our Compound now without fear of punishment, nor will any stranger be at all pleased if I attempt to enter his house, as it would bring suspicion upon him. This state of things is of course hardly what one expected, when we first heard that one of our school-boys, No. 27, was to become King.

Supposing the present madcap does fight the English, and we get away safely, I quite expect he will burn all our Compound and the Residency down. This would not matter much if we were not in it; and the British

Government would probably help largely in restoring things as they were before, for one reason, because a regiment of troops would probably be stationed here, and would want a Church to go to.

Another reason why I must go if the British flag is hauled down, is, that some mischievous person has published in the Rangoon papers, that I gave shelter and means of escape to several relations of those who were murdered the other day. It is quite true, but most inconsiderate and prejudicial to my safety. I have not done wrong, and I trust in God: our danger is not without its effect upon people disposed to become Christians. Before this reaches you most likely things will be fairly settled again, as this present high pressure cannot remain for long; once let off steam and things will rapidly resume their more ordinary condition.

WAR EXPECTED, ARRIVAL OF WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

April 28th. Things at the present time are very uncertain, none of us know what will happen. The British Government has got 5,000 additional troops into Burmah, and is sending to India for more, while the Burmese Government is drilling and arming as many men as possible. We are the difficulty, *i.e.*, we Europeans in Mandalay,—for of course no decent government can any longer hold friendly intercourse with such a King as Thibau.

It is very odd that everything conspires to assure the King that his reign will be a short one. His Astrologers actually tell him that by November he will be no longer King, and that he is the last King of Burmah. Of course there are numbers of similar predictions, and it

would be wonderful indeed if some of them did not approach near being fulfilled. I have now in the Clergy House the Special War Correspondent of the *Daily News*, and the Special of the *Standard* is in the Residency. They both thought war would have been declared long before this, and are accordingly not a little disappointed.

The exodus from Mandalay still continues; to-day about twenty Armenians and their old Priest leave.

The loss to all kinds of people, especially traders and merchants, is very great, and such is the uncertainty, that in some parts the people are unwilling to cultivate their land, in the doubt as to whether they or others will reap the crops. It would be very singular if the end of this uncertainty were a famine in the land, and this is by no means improbable. We are having very bad days and nights, but a few days thunder and lightning like we have just had, will reduce the temperature considerably and enable us to be a little less than streaming sponges.

May 4th. We are all safe so far, but have continual alarms and rumours. It is odd to live in the midst of alarms so long. We hear wolf, wolf, so often, that when the wolf comes we shall suspect he is a sheep got up in wolf's clothing. You may expect to see more about Mandalay in the *Daily News* about the time this reaches you. The special war correspondent is here, and also the special of the *Standard* (Mr. McPherson), who accompanied the camp of General Roberts in Afghanistan; so if the British public will take the trouble, it will be better informed about Burmah than it has been. I am very much astonished to find the *Church Times* quite at sea as to the political

geography of Burmah. But it does not concern them very much, though it might possibly interest the editor to know that the paper gets so far up here. As a precautionary measure, I fancy, the political agent of Bhamo has been brought down here to Mandalay, and we are to have two steamers ready to provide for our decamping, should it be necessary, at any moment of day or night. A further reason for apprehension just now is the sickness of the chief minister,—the man who has kept peace between the two countries till now. I hope he is better now. He was reported to have cholera two days ago, and, being not a very strong man, we feared he might rapidly succumb. He is the Kin-woon-min-gyee.

May 11th. Now about Burmah war fever—what is to happen I do not know, but expect it will be war, and if we can get behind the advance guard of the British troops we must be thankful. If the Afghan war and Zulu campaign had not tied the hands of Government I suppose we should have had to move before this. The last few days have been more uncomfortable, politically speaking, and it is an undoubted fact that trade and agriculture have received a most effective check in Lower Burmah. As usual, our delay and policy is declared to indicate cowardice, and many Burmans here are not backward in saying that we are afraid of the king and his new troops. If you were here you would think it queer to count up four revolvers in the Church Compound, and none of them belong to me; but it is the custom in Mandalay to sleep with a revolver under the pillow now, and my visitors have

brought their revolvers up with them. Now that war seems so imminent I wish it less than ever, for it is at any time an awful thing.

I have just got another small batch of refugees. It is a terrible time for people attached to the Court—great, to-day; to-morrow, nobodies.

Our good brother George Smith has shown well in Zululand.

AN IMPRISONED PRINCESS.

June 5th. I have just been writing a letter to the Nyoung Yan Prince in Calcutta, to tell him of the state of his poor old mother and sister here. They have been once at least ordered out to execution, but have been spared hitherto. They are now closely confined, and have two chains on each foot. The Princess is only about 16 years of age, and is a poor writer, but she wrote yesterday almost broken hearted, because I had doubts whether a former letter which asked for money had really come from her. I was able to reassure her the same evening by sending her substantial help, and she then wrote saying she had two chains on each foot and that the irons had chafed the flesh raw. We pity those who have been put to death, but surely in some respects greater pity is due to those who are still in such wretched suspense and so closely confined. Of course I do not go to the Palace myself, and it is amusing to hear the devices of the women who manage to convey our messages. To-day the Princess sent out a letter written in pencil upon a strip of cotton cloth, which was wrapped up with some sewing work supposed to be for a jacket. Often enough the small notes come

out wrapped up in a Burmese cheroot or cigar. We know nothing yet as to the settlement of the affairs between the two countries, and most certainly the Burmese are making every preparation, as you may see from the correspondence in the *Daily News* and *Standard*.

The Correspondent of the former stayed a month with me in the Clergy House, and we went out a great deal together, until our ponies were stolen. He, however, being a determined man, still went out on foot, but unfortunately not knowing Burmese, except a few words, he got into one or two serious rows, which might have ended awkwardly for him and us. One day he was accosted by a Hpoongyee, and talked a little while as well as he could, till thinking the Hpoongyee was speaking rudely to him, he turned round and using the only word of abuse he knew, walked away. He seems to have wanted to call the Hpoongyee "son of a dog,"* but what he did say, was, "a dog's funeral." This was very nasty and stupid, I was intensely surprised, and a good deal annoyed, but what of the Hpoongyee's feelings? Unless he laughed at the ludicrous mistake, he will hate the sight of a white face for long enough.

DOMESTIC TROUBLES OF THIBAU.

Things are so close in the Palace now that it is hard to hear anything and prove its truth, so whether more executions have taken place or not is quite uncertain.

It is true, however, that the young king is drinking heavily, and his wives, mother, and mother-in-law are not happy together.

* "Son of a dog"—(*quaymāthā*); "A dog's funeral"—(*quaymathā*)

His young favourites lord it over everybody, so that things are ripening for a regular burst up sooner or later. Perhaps if the young drunkard drank himself mad or dead he would do the best for his kingdom and make room for a better man,—our friend Nyoung Yan, now in Calcutta. I hear he is inclined to make over our Church, schools, &c., to his own Hpoongyee. If so, and he dares to try to turn me out by force, I expect the delay will come to an end, and the British Residency quit Mandalay. Sometimes I feel as though, after all, there will be no war, and that if we are left alone all will favourably settle down to the benefit of our work. So may the good Lord grant.

PLAGUE OF SMALLPOX.

June 11th, Health and spirits are all that can be
S. Barnabas. desired, but the troubled atmosphere is not yet dissipated, and only yesterday a poor woman sought refuge here with her little child of six months old sick with smallpox. She had been kept in prison and chains for ten months, and this child was born during that time; pity or fear at last moved the authorities to let her out, and so she came here for shelter. We have had eight small-pox cases in our Compound, and no one is left to get it, I think, so that we fear the less to receive the poor little stranger. The brother and sister of the Nyoung Yan Prince are being still barbarously treated; though their ankles are raw with the chafing of the irons, they are to be more heavily ironed, and to-day a messenger comes to say that they were put into a close dungeon last night, which has only one narrow door for entrance, and only one little aperture through which to

pass food. Happily I sent in Rs.100 just before this closer confinement, which may help them to live on till they can be released. The King's order is that henceforth they are not to be allowed to receive food from strangers. He and his Queens will feed them from the Royal Table! Poor mother and daughter!

There has been, and is, a plague of smallpox amongst the children of Mandalay. Few are vaccinated, and the weather is too hot to allow of its being properly done now, so that death after death occurs. What a terribly loathsome disease it is; it looks as though every part of the body were rotten and corrupt, and could never be sound again. I think English anti-vaccinationists need only step over to Burmah to be convinced of the general utility of vaccination.

I cannot tell you any more about the probabilities of war. Sullenness seems to have come over the Burmese Court, and they will do nothing to become friendly with us. Now that the Afghan War is so far settled, perhaps the Indian Government will pay more attention to this part of the world, for sooner or later a settlement must be arrived at to avoid constant sources of irritation.

Our opportunities of Missionary Work are considerably curtailed just now, but for all that there are several persons whom I hope ere long to receive into the Holy Church.

I do really think that when once affairs are settled down, we shall be able to go forward far more freely than ever. I myself have an increased knowledge of Burmese, and the present difficulties have given me unexpected opportunities of exercising my knowledge and so learning the more.

As I write now, a Burmese Hpoongyee named Oo-wa-ya-ma, is leaning over my elbow admiring the rapidity of the pen and words formed. He wants to come here and learn, but I tell him he is too old, and I cannot spend my time vainly endeavouring to flog big boys so as to master them. He is 24 years of age. He is talking away in Burmese close to me, expecting sensible answers, and as I kicked his shoes out of the house, scolding him for rudeness, I must make amends for it by smoothing him down now. He would not have walked into his own Kyoung with his shoes on, and I require them to give the same respect to the English Hpoongyee Kyoung.

RE-CORONATION OF THIBAU, &C.

June 12th. I dare say you would like to hear that the poor old Queens have been set at liberty, but this is far from being the case. I don't suppose they can live long under such hardships and confinement. I am writing again to the Nyoung Yan Prince by this mail, to tell him, and to convey two other letters, but he can do nothing, and any earnest remonstrance on the part of the British Government would also be too likely to ensure the death of the prisoners.

The King has been re-crowned, and ought, according to custom, to have released a number of people, but he did not, and really I should not wonder if his continual cruelty at last roused even the stolid Burman. Of course we keep quiet and don't go out over much into places where the King's men muster largely, they have grown so bold that any stupid act might cause a row.

Mr. Scott, Special of the *Daily News*, got into a fearful row in one of the Monasteries. He was going where he ought not to go, with his shoes on I suppose, and when spoken to he did not understand, so instead of turning back he went on, being at length pursued by boys who threw stones. Coming to a barricade he retreated, but was captured by a few Hpoongyees, and had a squad of boys in the rear, still pelting, regardless of friend or foe. Turning round to chastise the boys, he was actually collared by a Hpoongyee, but swinging round he made a cut at him with a stick and cut his cheek. Scott is a powerful little man and put some half dozen or so *hors de combat*, knocking one poor fellow head over heels down some steps. He himself did not come off without marks of the fight, but I was quite prepared to hear a shouting mob arrive at the Clergy House immediately after he returned. None came, however.

July 3rd. We do not get far from our troubles here yet, and still hang on most uncertainly. Another Resident has come, but he intends to let things go on just as they are, as he is only here for a few weeks or months, till some one is sent to be the permanent Resident. Executions go on privately, and I am told the Burmese are very busy searching for several whom I have got down to Rangoon, and for one who is still here waiting for a good opportunity.

If the young King would die, kill himself, or be otherwise got rid of, it might be easy for the country to recover itself and so to get a better King; but if the present young tyrant increases in cruelty and cunning as he does in years, there is anything but a happy look forward.

D.V., we shall baptize three adults next Sunday, one woman, Burman, one youth of 16, Burman, and one man, 26, a Mussulman, whose friends are very angry, and threaten to petition the King against it. I hope they will. They are now threatening the young man, and the friends of the Burman lad say they will disinherit him. So you see there are still things to be suffered and borne for the sake of Jesus Christ. I am thankful for it.

OUTBREAK AT BHAMO.

July 17th. I don't know whether we see the beginning of the end or not, but two rebellions have broken out in the country, one at Bhamo, a place about 200 miles to the North of Mandalay, and the other about as far to the South West. In the former case the people refused to pay the terrible taxes laid upon them, and give the quota of one man from a house for the King's army, and when force was put upon them they killed twenty of the Governor's troops. Since then they have surrounded an officer sent to subdue them, and have killed him. In the other case 300 Burman soldiers are said to have been killed, and the revolt not quelled. Here in the Royal City nothing goes on but drilling troops, and State Lotteries, which are of course fearfully demoralizing to the people.

The baptisms I spoke of in my last letter, took place last Sunday week, without disturbance. The friends of the Mussulman petitioned the Burmese authorities, but without effect, and none of them came to interrupt the baptism of Peter ; we hope he will be steadfast as a rock. The others were Edward, a very lovable lad of 16, as

tender-eyed as a girl, and seemingly most happy in being a Christian ; Martha, and her son Joseph.

ANTICIPATED DEPARTURE FROM MANDALAY.

The New Resident knows Burmese and Burmans well, so that he does more direct work. He is a firm man, and is being more attended to by both Governments, Burmese and British. He declares he will either have things on a better footing, or go away and take the British away with him. As this would mean breaking off all official communication between the two countries, and the cessation of traffic and commerce, and most probably war in a very short time, I think the Burmese Government will give in when he declares positively the time when he will go. We shall probably all go down together if we do go, and they will not attempt to stop us. Of course we shall lose much of our property if the embarkation is at short notice, such as 24 hours, which it may be, and unless our return is immediately behind our troops. I have asked the Bishop to attach me to the army for a time. Shall we come back only to find our Church in ruins? But poor Nyoung Yan's mother, what will she do if I go? I fear to say, and if you could read a letter she sent me this morning, you would not wonder that I begin really almost to love the poor lady. She maintains her dignity even in prison, and though I know she is greatly in want, yet she will not ask for money, as she thinks I have already sent her so much.

Her eldest son, our Prince Nyoung Yan, now in Calcutta, however, sent me a fresh supply some time ago, so that the captives need not let honour keep them from asking for what is at their disposal, whenever the

prison doors can be opened. A silver key opens even a Burmese gaol.

The young King Thibau has found a match, his wife. According to custom the kings take four wives, and four secondary wives, but she forbids him to take more than one altogether, and declares she will kill anyone who "steals" her husband. Are they not a nice pair?

Now that the Afghan war is over and South Africa in a fair way of becoming so, perhaps Burmah will have more attention shown. It seems better to have an end to present uncertainty, even if that be a short war—no more. Several thousand troops are collected at Thayetmyo, a station just inside our frontier, and I am sorry to hear that cholera has broken out among them, of which disease two doctors have died. Thus as many may die of cholera as would have died in the campaign if it had begun before the unhealthy season came on, and surely the provocation after the massacres was a sufficient reason for demanding a change in the order of things.

DEATH OF MR. SHAW.

Owing to the death of Mr. Shaw and the removal of other officers, I am almost the only one who has seen the whole crisis up to this point, and now I am more deeply implicated than ever, so far as getting news is concerned. Several times I have been able to give the Resident news, which, with all his means, he could not get. And to tell you the real truth, I don't quite like to become such a political man, it may be used against me some time or other, though up to the present I have the hearty good will of my Bishop and provincial Government.

I don't know whether a telegram got into the English papers that the sister of the Nyong Yan had fled to me for protection, and on refusal of Mr. Shaw to protect her I had put her in the sanctuary of the English Church. If you saw it it may have alarmed you, but it is not true, though at one time it was very near happening, but the brave little Princess, of 16, said though she could get away herself her mother could not, and so she chose to stay at her mother's side to share her fate. The old Queen says: "I pray to the Blessed God every day and every hour for you," *i.e.*, for me.

I do pray that the Blessed God may be our Good God, but I fear she is yet bound by her idolatrous faith. Her servants, or rather Ladies of Honour here have heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and I will not doubt that some good fruit will be seen "in that day." Adversity opens the heart oftentimes, so may it be in this case.

We have got all our small pox over for the year, I think. There was a rumour that the King had died of smallpox, but it is false.

RENUNCIATION OF BUDDHISM BY CONVERTS.

Aug. 21. I hope you have not felt over anxious during the past two or three weeks. One thing or another prevented me from writing, though I had good news to tell. You remember, perhaps, my telling of various refugees coming to us here. Altogether, about 70 have passed through our hands, and have been sent away safely to Rangoon and elsewhere; some by steamer, some by land.

I have been the instrument, and in consequence have received grateful thanks. What is better, as some of them lived in our Church Compound for weeks or months, it gave us a grand opportunity of gradually and quietly teaching them our Holy Religion, and already the fruits have been reaped. Two old ladies, on the eve of going down to Rangoon, gave up the Burmese Prayer Beads as witness that they would no longer worship idols, Hpoongyees, or follow the worship of Buddhism, and made a promise to learn more about Christianity, which they wished to embrace. We continually pray for them, and have heard of their safe arrival in Rangoon, from which place they write, asking our prayers that they may become Christians. These two were grand ladies in more prosperous times, one being chief stewardess of the Nyoung Yan Prince's mother, the other being his sister's foster mother. They have both been to S. John's Chapel in Rangoon, so I hope to hear of their baptism (D.V.) shortly.

BAPTISM OF PALACE LADIES.

Another small party of two or three have given in their names as desiring Holy Baptism, and have made public profession of their desire. But now comes what rejoices me greatly. Two of the Maids of Honour who were last with the Nyoung Yan Prince's mother and sister, before the imprisonment became so strict as it is now, were delivered for safe custody to two officers noted for their brutality and cruelty during the late massacres. They both managed to escape, and came to us for refuge, where they have since remained. They made public profession, (*i.e.*, before our small

congregation) of faith, and were baptized on August 3rd, receiving the names Mary and Elizabeth. They are the first-fruits of the Palace, and the thought comes: Supposing the Nyoung Yan Prince should return to be King. He is under great obligations to me, and so are all his family; his mother and sister almost depend on me for their daily food, *i.e.*, I am the channel through which it is supplied. Their closest attendants, stewardess, and nurse, have confessed faith, and two faithful Maids of Honour who stood by them as long as possible, are now Christian women. Who can tell what might be the result of all these influences in the future? Pray earnestly for us all, and especially for the young servants of God who have thus in the midst of trouble found the Pearl of Great Price.

Things are much quieter, but whether likely to continue so or not for more than a few days we cannot tell. Only to-day I hear the young King has sent 2,000 troops to the frontier, and will mount the Red War Flag soon. Continual drill goes on in the Palace enclosure, which foreigners are forbidden to enter, so you see our position is but insecure and uncertain. We have had thieves again, this time they attacked the house in which the four Palace ladies were. It is a little house detached from the Clergy House. Lawrence, I, and another man heard the noise, so we went to the rescue, and the thieves—or would-be murderers, for it is possible that this was the intention—cleared off.

DANGEROUS ILLNESS AND RECOVERY OF THE WRITER.

Sept. 11th. I fear you have had some anxiety about me for the last two or three weeks, and

had you known the reason of my silence you would have been more than anxious. I have been very near death, and have become very much reduced by loss of blood and inability to eat food, but now "Thanks to God," I am quickly recovering health and strength. It has been a strange sickness. For two or three days I felt unwell, then a boil or something like it came in the lower part of my body. I bore up for the Sunday Services on the 24th August, but in the evening dismissed the congregation without a sermon, and walked over to the Doctor, who was quite startled to find my pulse at about 180, and said he wondered how I could walk. He gave me medicine, and came next morning to find that mortification had already begun. I need not follow on cutting, cutting, cutting, and of a good number of days I have no recollection at all. On Sunday, the 31st, the native Christians especially made supplication for me. On Monday, I was thought to be at the worst, and dying, and I gave myself up entirely and completely into God's hands, wishing neither to live nor to die, but only that His will might be done. However, I recovered, and two days ago I shuffled or staggered to Church, but now I can walk quite well, and carry my stick. I am thankful.

I have news to fill sheet after sheet about things here just now, but you must wait till I get stronger.

NEWS OF THE DESTRUCTION OF CABUL.

We have just heard by secret cipher code, of the destruction of the Residency at Cabul, but hope it will not get to the Burman ears for a week or so, that together with the sad news, the punishment determined

upon may be heard also, for of course the upstart King and young Courtiers would like to rid their country of the British Residency also. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble."

I have some wonderful love tales to tell when it is fitting, only they are serious just now, and I am so perplexed among them; at another time I could be amused, but at present I don't know whether all will settle amicably.

It will be one year to-morrow since the Prince Nyoung Yan came here, and since then we have never been free from guests; to-day we had made all preparations for sending our Mary and Elizabeth down to Rangoon and so finally closing our list, but something has happened to stop them from leaving us, so we must still go on.

DEPARTURE FROM MANDALAY.

Oct. 11th. You will, I am sure, be delighted to hear that I am again in British territory. We *Written on board S.S. Panthay, Prome, British Burmah.* have rather ignominiously run away from Mandalay. Left last Tuesday morning, the 7th, crossed the frontier yesterday about noon, nearly having a fight for it. Slept at Thayetmyo last night, and are now here in Prome. We have lost a great deal of property, and all but came away with nothing. It has been very exciting, and everyone expected a fight for it, but the fighting has still to come. Our Christians have mostly come away, and what is to be done with us all I don't know. I expect to be attached to the field force if troops are sent up soon; they may be sent in a month. Next mail I will send you a big letter with full particulars of our late adventure. I am gaining wonderfully in health and strength. The excitement, and river air, and exposure,

are doing me a great deal of good, and turning me quite brown; people say I look better than ever. I weigh 110 lbs. if that is any guide. When I first came here I weighed 126, and last year 115. We have brought our last refugees with us.

ARRIVAL AT RANGOON.

Oct. 18th. From the address above you will be assured of our safety. We got here on Thursday evening last, after a voyage of ten days. I am longing to get back to Mandalay and its quietness, for I don't feel half so good or composed here as in the Clergy House just left, in spite of the anxiety. I must again beg your forbearance for another week; I cannot write a long letter in diary form yet. I have been to the chief Ecclesiastical and Civil authorities here, and am pretty sure of being appointed Chaplain to the Forces as soon as a forward movement of troops is made, and of being reinstated at Mandalay again if anyone is to go there. I suppose we shall take the matter in hand during the next six months. It would have been done six months ago but for the Cabul and Zulu affairs. We have all lost much valuable property and have very little hope of recovering any compensation, either from British or Burmese Governments.

The two Maids of Honour are safely put in S. Mary's School here, and the rest of the Christians have dispersed themselves here and there among friends, or to make their own livelihood. Before we went home, on landing, we went together to Church, and offered praise and thanksgiving for our safe preservation.

Now, what do you think of this?—When we had anchored, a man came on board to tell Mary and Elizabeth that they were to go to Calcutta to the younger of the two Refugee Princes there. This would mean destruction of their morals and religion, and I was glad to hear them refuse to go, though quaking with fear at the idea of refusing to obey a Prince. This younger Prince is, as I think I told you before, a very worthless fellow, unlike his brother. I should have put every obstacle in their way, had they wished to go, and feel that as their mistress, the Queen-mother of the two Refugees, gave them into my hands, I have power over them. Judge then my indignation and horror to find that it is probably, after all, only another ruse to get back the two girls to Mandalay—a clever trick on the part of some of King Thibau's creatures. One's Christian feelings scarcely prevail to keep the lips from uttering the direst maledictions on the heads of such miserable wretches as can attempt to work so cruelly and falsely.

I have already seen many of the poor creatures whom I helped to get down to Rangoon. One woman whose baby had smallpox in prison—perhaps you remember this—met me in the road; she had her baby—now grown fat and strong—in her arms, and fell down before me and burst into tears. Several of them had heard that I was dead.

DESCRIPTION OF EXODUS FROM MANDALAY.

Oct. 26th. My letters, though very short, must have given you much relief of mind, and perhaps you may have seen in the London papers some

account of our exodus from Mandalay. I do not think it would be possible to give you a very detailed account of the last few days of my residence in Mandalay—unless your patience and my own were very great—mine especially; and if I confess to an impatient frame of mind just now, do not be too hard upon me.

I am just like a fish out of water, and having a few dependants, boys, servants, and Christians, who left Mandalay when I did, hanging about me, I am all the more anxious to get a settlement.

Now let me give you a brief account of what took place at Mandalay.

After the Cabul Massacre, the Indian Government got more anxious about our position in Mandalay, and when Colonel Brown left us, he wrote strongly to the Viceroy, representing the extreme danger we were in, should any sudden freak of madness seize either the King or the mob, as we were utterly defenceless, timber and mat houses, only a small guard of 20 Sepoys, and living two miles or so from the steamers' landing place. This seems to have decided the Viceroy, and not wishing to be wise after the event, he determined to remove us all beforehand. It required some clever manipulation to get Court Records and Ammunition away without observation, and no one was allowed to pack up furniture lest open alarm should be given to the Burmese. At last all was determined, and on Sunday, 5th of October, I was rather surprised on my return from Evensong, at finding Mr. St. Barbe, the acting Resident, and Mr. Austin, the Correspondent of the *Times*, sitting in my house. I asked Mr. St. Barbe why he had not been to Church, and then he began to tell me what

was the matter. We were all to march down to the steamer, quietly, next morning, at six o'clock, but that on no account was I to tell anyone about it that night. I did not wish to leave, but he expressed himself very strongly, that if I stayed, having been so mixed up in the troubles, I should probably bring on immediately what the Indian Government were not yet prepared for; and of course the Burmese Government bare me but little love for what I had done.

I thought it over carefully and sought direction; then there seemed to be but one course open, and now that I have left, my conscience does not in the least upbraid me. Only three or four of our Christians stayed behind, so that I did not desert the flock committed to me. It would not have done to tell even trusty Lawrence what was about to take place, so I sent him off to the steamer the same evening with Mary and Elizabeth, the two Maids of Honour, not telling him I should so soon follow. I did not pack up much, but did not go to bed for fear of over-sleeping myself, and also because I wished as early as was safe, to give notice to Mr. Mackertoom, our worthy schoolmaster. I gathered some of my few treasures, clothing, and books, and about 3-30 on Monday morning went into Church, dismantled the Altar, took away Cross and Candlesticks, Altar Cloth, Service Books, Registers, &c. I put the Altar slab under the floor of the Church, and then with some sadness left it, praying soon to be permitted to come back. At 4-20 I woke up Mr. Mackertoom, and then the boys who slept in the house. They opened their eyes in some astonishment when I said we were off for Rangoon that very day, but

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were not afraid, and helped me to get together more books and such like. I was ready in full time, but Mr. and Mrs. Markertoom were rather late, so that the Residency party marched down without us,—Sepoys with fixed bayonets and loaded rifles. After somewhat impatiently waiting, I got off the schoolmaster and his wife, the others had gone ahead, and then left the Church Compound last of all, promising a good reward to the Burmese sergeant of the guard, if I found all well on return. The house was left exactly as it stood, books, furniture, pictures, &c., with the exception of what we had in the hour or so previous packed together. We got to the steamer all right, and then waited, expecting every moment to be attacked or boarded by the Burmese Authorities. It was for a long time doubtful whether they would do it or not, but at last things assumed a more peaceful aspect, and we were actually allowed to send servants to get things from our houses. We had done this before, but they had been turned out, and some people beaten by the Burman guard, who had been helping themselves. I tried to get more of the Church things, and at last succeeded in getting down the harmonium, two large brass standards, and brass lights; but heavy things, such as tables, desks, &c., had all to be left behind. Personally I was not very anxious about things, but I thought possibly the Burmese Government might search the ship, and carry off any of their subjects from on board. During the night there was one alarm, a Burmese steamer tried her best to run foul of us, but got the worst of it, she was crowded with people, who might have been troops, for anything we knew.

Oct. 7th. We were up very early, and sent for our goods, the Resident had promised Rs.100 to the sergeant of the Burmese guard, if he would get our things safely on board. The Residency flag was hoisted on the steamer's mast. We got nearly all the valuable Church fixtures, but no house furniture, and lots of books were left behind, there was not time to bring them. It seems that the Burmese guards had been helping themselves, for they were seen carrying out a big bundle of something from the Clergy House.

The property of the lot of us was pitched indiscriminately into the hold, the hurry was so great, and at 12 o'clock we were quite ready for starting, as was also the other steamer. At last we got off, and bid farewell to Mandalay, that "sink of iniquity," as some one on board called it, reached Mingyan same night at dark, anchored out in stream, met mail steamer coming up, but she prefers to follow us down.

Wed. 8th. Left at 5-30. The people of the place have been greatly excited, and have been very busy getting their valuables on board. It is very hard for them. One man came on board saying, "I have Rs.25,000 due to me in the Bazaar here, and I cannot possibly collect it under one month, what am I to do?" He is a British subject, and must go down with us if he wishes to be safe. Three steamers, towing nine flats, make quite a fine show in the river.

Oct. 9th. As we go down, take on board all the pilots at the various stations,—they are afraid to remain, as are also the agents of the various

trading companies. Met another steamer with mails,—the captains had a consultation, and the end of it is to add another steamer and two flats to our flotilla.

Our party more or less scattered. I did not go among them much in daytime, but in evening had prayers on deck with them, somewhat to the surprise of the heathen about. We did not wish to attract attention to our refugees as we are still in Upper Burman waters. To-morrow if all be well, we shall pass Minhlah, the frontier fortress, if such it may be called. Captain Sevenoaks is prepared to run the gauntlet of the forts if they attempt to stop us.

Nov. 7th. People, especially the Burmese Christians, are very glad to see me again, what with rumours of Thibau's malice, and the severe illness, they have been continually expecting the worst.

Nothing seems to be settled about our relations with Upper Burmah, but an Embassy which was half way down to Rangoon, has been refused permission to come to Rangoon to the Chief Commissioner here. Our Government decline any political relationship whatever.

“I am no longer at the mercy of King Thibau.”



OUTBREAK OF THE 3RD BURMESE WAR.—EXPEDITIONARY
FORCES SENT.—RETURN TO MANDALAY.

Dec. 18th, I did not join the Expeditionary Force
1885. as I had thought it was possible I should do,
On board Steamer so put off ideas of Mandalay for some
Thoorah,
bound for Mandalay. weeks to come, and came to Rangoon last
Friday, not at all prepared to leave for the Royal City,
having with me only my hand-bag with a change, Bible,
Prayer Book, &c. The Diocesan Institution of Native
Clergy, Catechists, &c., had to be examined, and the
Bishop called me to the work. After the examination
was over I expected to return to Maulmain, but things
have gone farther than I or anyone else expected. King
Thibau was brought down in this steamer after the
British troops had taken the forts on the river at
Minhlah and Mingyhan, and he, his queen, her mother,
and some 80 followers, are waiting in a steamer at Ran-
goon for the decision of the British Government as to
what is to be done with them. They are not allowed to
land. The Bishop wished me to go up at once and get
possession of the Church, Clergy House, and Schools in
Mandalay, so here I am,—Thursday, December 18th,
12-7 noon, the steamer just swinging round in stream.
We have just passed the troopship on which King Thi-
bau and his party are, and also the “Canning,” which
is getting steam up and is flying the “Blue Peter,” so
I suppose the Burmese Court will be transferred and
packed off to Bombay or a city near it—Rutnaghiry,
where they will perhaps be happier than they have been

for a long time. Thibau is not so bad as the Press represents him, and most likely the bad advisers he has are mostly responsible for the cruel things which have been done in his name. What the future of Upper Burmah is to be we do not yet know. The Chief Commissioner of British Burmah went up by train to Prome last night, taking with him a number of Civil Officers. He expects to reach Mandalay about next Sunday or Monday, as he goes single-handed ; *i.e.*, has no heavy cargo barges in tow. We have two heavy flats alongside, so we expect to be a week later. The "Thooreah" is the first trading steamer since the outbreak of the war, but we do not expect any opposition from the Burmese, as our troops have taken all the ports along the river, and gunboats patrol the line of communication.

There are a large number of "Dacoits" and Freebooters just on the frontier and round about Mandalay, but I don't expect they will survive long. The fact of Thibau surrendering himself so quietly and not running away to the interior is very fortunate for the British. It will have saved the lives of many brave men.

The column which went by water from Rangoon took possession of Mandalay within 15 days after crossing the frontier above Thayetmyo, and the city is now in the hands of our soldiers. No real set battles have been fought, but two or three smaller fights have occurred, to the great slaughter of the poor Burmese soldiers. I was glad to hear that strict orders were given to our troops not to fire upon the Burmese after they turned to flee. This no doubt has saved many of their lives, and once in the city the English General (Prendergrast) required all arms and war munitions to be given up by Burmans.

In spite of this there was looting and rioting for a night or two by half-mad Burmese soldiers.

Just now I believe there are 8,000 or 10,000 of our troops in and about Mandalay, and they have just been trying to settle where the camp or cantonment is to be.

We have no news as to the Church, whether it is safe or in ruins. I rather expect to find all being used as barracks for the soldiers, and if so, cannot say much till other shelter is provided for them.

I am reminded again of my experiences 12 years ago. We have on board the French Consul and several merchants, who have taken this opportunity of making their way to Mandalay. To show the difference between English and native rule, let me tell you the facts regarding this steamer.

Upper Burmah is still in a state of war, but this trading steamer was no sooner advertised than heaps upon heaps of cargo were promised and shipping orders asked for. King Thibau arrived, and ought to have been sent away the next day. Some delay took place, and then the rumour was spread abroad that our Government was going to send him back to Mandalay. This caused shippers to back out of their orders, so we go up with hardly any native passengers and only half cargo.

The French Consul is to be pitied. Perhaps you know the French thought to make something of Upper Burmah. They expected to get a French Bank in Mandalay, and several houses of business, and to exclude British Merchants. They were to make a railway too: One Consul managed badly, and another was sent; but before he reached Rangoon on his way, the war had broken out, and King Thibau and his Court were on

their way, deported to Rangoon. The Consul presented his credentials to the local Government, but they declined to receive them as there is now no Court or King of Burmah. He however goes up to Mandalay to see what he will see.

WITH THE ENGLISH TROOPS—PARADE SERVICES &c.

Jan. 2nd. I am here to do the Chaplain's work,
1886. as he has gone out for a few days with

*In camp with
Hampshire Regt. E.
of Mandalay.*

one of the flying columns. Last Sunday I preached at the parade service in the Palace from the steps of the throne. It was an interesting and novel spectacle. Civil and military officers, gunners and infantry; the soldiers all armed, and standing through the whole service. It seemed singular to find oneself preaching in such a place, and to such a congregation; and yet it did not distract me, all seemed too real for fancy to build up. "Truth stranger than fiction" once more; and what perhaps added to it, was the roar or cry of an elephant somewhere near.

The Palace, or rather Grand Throne Room, is a gorgeous building standing on a high platform of brick, and terraced up, then the room itself is raised step by step to allow gradations of rank to be marked; and just where the soldiers were standing, are a number of splendid teak posts painted vermillion, and gaily ornamented with gold leaf up to the very roof some 40 feet above. This was the place where the highest Ministers of the country, each one at a post, used to lie with their faces to the ground, when the King took his seat upon the throne. The throne itself is more like an altar, and

though I spoke of steps of the throne, there is no way of getting up from the Court. The entrance is through golden doors at the back, which slide on wheels to allow the King and Queen to pass in. They sit a man's height above everybody, and have before them a curious collection of little images, representing angels, courtiers, fairies, &c., in the act of worship or reverence.

From the throne, the way is open right through the Court, Palace gate, and City, a clear view right East, till the Shan hills intercept the view. After the parade service we went to a small Golden Pagoda or rather Monastery, outside the Palace itself, where there was a celebration of the Blessed Sacrament. This is a beautiful structure, all of wood, covered with gold leaf, and with silvered glass in regular patterns; here and there round doors, arches, statues, &c., &c., &c., glistening most beautifully as the sun shines upon it. No wonder the Burmans think their Kings almost divine.

It is a copy on a smaller scale of the Monastery in which Thibau received his education, and so was kept particularly sacred in the days just gone by.

This morning I have preached and said the service in the open air to such of the Hampshire men and Welsh Fusiliers as are left in camp off duty. Everybody comes fully armed, as this is one of the outposts to guard the city from the rush of the Shans.

The troops were on two sides in the shade of another Grand Golden Monastery, the erection of the late King; and I stood on the steps facing West, with a big drum for a reading desk and pulpit. Again I have simply to say I did not feel it strange. One has got accustomed to curious circumstances now, I suppose.

Just as I write I can hear shots firing in various parts, and a rumble like a distant engagement. Since Thibau left several pretenders have sprung up, who are giving our soldiers a lot of trouble.

There are said to be 15,000 men on three sides of Mandalay advancing towards us, and it is to catch these that three columns of our troops were sent out Friday and yesterday, January 1st and 2nd.

I want the country to become quiet, and hope the British Government will place my little friend Tait Tin Oo Zun on the throne. He is the son of the Nyoung Yan, whom you will remember. The father died in Calcutta last April. The mother and sister of the Nyoung Yan have been saved. They sent for me as soon as they knew I had come up, and I have had a pleasant interview with them.

When I came up to Mandalay this time I lived for a while in the house of a Mussulman gentleman named Moola Ismail. He was collector of taxes under Thibau, and is immensely rich. His house is more like a fort than a dwelling, and he has, I am told, 75 servants living in the place, and 30 wives of his own somewhere. He is not here just now, and the wives have another house all to themselves, I fancy. The suite of rooms he puts at our disposal are very nice, and grandly furnished, so far as mirrors and carpets go. His cook seems quite up to pleasing European tastes, but I did not stay longer than I could help, as the Church, Clergy House, and School will not get into order unless one is on the spot. They are very little damaged and can soon be put all right, and at little cost. Just now, however, that part of the town has a bad charac-

ter, and there are no troops quartered close, and it is detached from other European houses, so it was considered hardly safe.

My follower and I got a lot of spears and dahs (swords) from the loot of the palace, and two guns, so we took up our quarters and slept there. We shut up all we could, and laid the arms ready for use close beside us, and after commending ourselves to God the Father's care and protection, lay down to sleep.

What with rats, bugs, and firing guns about us, it was a difficult matter to get off quietly. Once I awoke with a start—a gun was fired off close to us. I jumped up and looked out of the window, but could see nothing. We soon heard a big scuffle; it was a robbery in the next Compound. Five shots were fired. Two of the bullets came whizzing in our direction, so I thought it better to keep under cover. I could not tell who was firing—friend or foe. At last all was quiet again, and we went off to sleep once more. Without showing cowardice it is a trying time, and one is glad to welcome the morning sun again.

The poor Burman peasantry are having a bad time of it. Our troops on the march disarm everyone they meet, and of course this takes weapons from honest people and leaves them to the mercy of skulking vagabonds, who hide their arms during the day and pillage at night; but so it must be for some time. Any Burmans found pillaging are shot, after a trial; but probably there have been mistakes made in hurry and excitement. It is, however, Burman preying on Burman that is causing the greatest distress in the land.

Last night some of our men in camp here seized about 20 rogues of Burmans, but according to orders

did not chain them, and what do you think happened? One big Burman got up in the night and darkness, knocked the sentry over, and made his escape. To-day too, just as the Colonel of the Regiment (Col. Bell-Kingsley) and I were waiting at the temporary Church for Holy Communion, up comes a sergeant and saluted: "So-and-so has caught a Dacoit—what is to be done with him, Sir?" I rather expected the Colonel to say something dreadful, but he said quietly, "Put him in guard, and let him be examined afterwards." The General has given strict orders against unnecessary firing, day or night, and none are to be shot unless caught in the act of violent robbery.

It is guerilla warfare that is going on now, and we hear dropping shots all the day long. Very few men are hit, so it is not very likely that the Burmans will hit me. I felt a little bit more safe when I came into camp last night, and enjoyed an unbroken sleep from 10-30 to 6, which is rather more than I have had of late.

It is amusing to see what shifts we have to put up with. Regimental messes you know are often grand and showy in time of peace, but when I came in yesterday the Colonel said: "Mr. Colbeck, have you got a plate, knife, spoon, and fork?" They have one each, and none over, unless an officer is sent away on duty, and then even he may take his away with him. Only 80lbs. baggage is allowed to officers on the march. I am glad to be of some use to the soldiers. It is a wild, rough life for them, and does not tend to make them quiet, sober Christians. One very good order has been passed here,—no one is allowed to sell any liquor to either soldiers or officers in the city, and I have not seen a drunken soldier since I came up.

OCCUPATION OF THE CLERGY HOUSE.

Jan. 5th. Of all the curious situations for writing, my present one is the most curious I have ever had. I am in the cock-loft—I don't know what other name to call it—in the Clergy House, with Mark Doorroosawmy, my faithful companion. The loft is about 12ft. square and 20ft. from the ground, like a belfry chamber, and we have shut up the one door downwards with a heavy trap-door, so as not to be surprised before we know it. I am sitting on the floor, legs under me, writing on a chair, note paper on a book propped up by a box of percussion caps, and under me is a spear which used to belong to some sergeant or other non-commissioned officer in Thibau's army, while close at hand is a naked "Dah" or sword, and a loaded gun, also lately the property of one of his braves. We protect ourselves a little in this way, but our surer trust is in our God, to whom we trustfully commit ourselves. You know the reason, of course. The third Burmese war has come, King Thibau and his capital taken, and the war ought to be ended now, but, alas, it is not. By some mistake we allowed 5,000 Burmans to take their arms away, and they are every now and then attacking our outposts, and being joined by hundreds of bad characters, who are simply on the look out for plunder.

There are, however, two rebel Princes in arms against us, and perhaps as many as 15,000 men to subdue or break up yet, so you see the country is a long way from being pacified. Telegraphic communication is altogether cut off. The Dacoits or rebels know how to cut the wire, and so though expeditions go along the telegraphic

line to restore it, their backs are no sooner turned than the line is cut again.

I have left the camp again and come to my own place. It is better so, as I can superintend what is going on. The Church looks just what it did seven years ago, except that all the furniture is gone, and it wants cleaning and renovating owing to the long neglect.

Great destruction of property has been going on in the Palace, beautiful mirrors, lamps, and candelabras smashed, beautiful Mosaic walls and inlaid doors disfigured, partly by accident, partly wilful, partly by our people, partly by Burmans; but of course this is inevitable where there are thousands of soldiers going about for "loot."

I think nights are getting quieter now, patrols of 50 men go about the streets all night, and all Burmans are disarmed and ordered to keep within doors after dark; but last night I could not go to sleep, mosquitoes biting, and rats actually gnawing at my hair and rushing about us like mad. We sleep on the floor, having no cots.

The "last post" bugle has sounded, and the police guards are rapping their sticks in their quarters to shew they are wide awake.

HOSPITAL FOR WOUNDED BURMANS.

Jan. 7th. This note is written under rather better circumstances, I have a chair and table, and am not cramped up as I was when I last wrote. We have had two quiet nights, awfully quiet in fact.

The Naval Brigade has come back from Bhamo, so we have a few more troops and guards in town, perhaps this will help to keep things quieter.

The Bishop telegraphed to me yesterday, *i.e.*, I got the telegram yesterday. He wants me to open an English school at once. Rather fast, I think, between two fires the Burmese people are shaking for their lives. Some of them fear the Dacoits, and they also fear the British soldier. I am afraid a lot of mistakes will be made in shooting prisoners. But you will be pleased to hear there is a hospital for the Burmese wounded. The poor fellows could not understand it at first, but they are very grateful now. After the battle of Minhlah a lot of Burmese wounded were put on board the steamers, and as some died on board their bodies were wrapped up in their clothes and beds and put overboard. The terrified survivors thought our people were punishing them by casting them one by one into the water, and trembled lest it should be their turn next. I have been through the hospital and talked with the poor sufferers. I told the English doctors they were doing more good to pacify the country and teach the Burmese what we are, than almost anybody else—perhaps than everybody else.

There has been a proclamation that Upper Burmah is annexed to the British Empire, but I do not think that means that we are to rule it ourselves. I think it only means that the Queen Empress is supreme here, and she will see that justice is done—it may be by her own officers or by a dependent King and Court. I wish the latter, as I think it will be the easier and more ready way of getting peace and quietness. I have other reasons of a secondary kind. The new King, if he is sent, will most likely be the little lad Tait Tin Oo Zun, who I befriended in 1878. His grandmother and

aunt have now, I hope, reached Rangoon in safety. The old lady gave me a photo. of herself, but I handed it to a friend near who evidently wanted it, and he took it as a memento of his visit to Mandalay.

Jan. 11th. I was kept awake last night. Random shots were going off pretty well all about us, and I, as captain of our little cock-loft fort, have some responsibility.

We have taken into our service in one way or another about 10 men of those who live in our Compound, so they get regular pay (sixpence a day), and do what work is to be done in putting the Church to order, &c.

Now mark this, a few nights ago, when suspicious characters were seen near us with arms, my people at once gave me information, and I sent it to the nearest military guard. The suspicious characters knew this and cleared off. On another occasion, when shots were fired close to us, several of *our* men turned out to come to our help, but finding it was not in our Compound, went to sleep again.

It was not anxiety which kept me awake last night so much as excitement at hearing the accounts of two engagements.

On Saturday a party of our soldiers went to reinforce Sagain, a place about 16 miles from Mandalay. They arrived all right ; but three officers, strolling down from the fort to the steamer, were surrounded by mounted Burmans. One young lieutenant was shot (Armstrong). A Dr. Heath took him up in his arms to carry him off, when the Doctor was shot dead, and the enemy cut his head off. Captain Smyth helped Armstrong till our

men from the fort came up, and the enemy made off, It was the fighting to punish this deed that caused the firing yesterday.

On Saturday a party of our men from the camp where I was last Sunday, went to clear out dacoits from a village where three Europeans had been lately killed. They did this with loss in wounded—Captain Lloyd and two European soldiers. On their return towards Mandalay the sick convoy was attacked, and might have been cut off but for a brave native officer, who repaired a half-destroyed bridge under heavy fire. The convoy then passed safely to Mandalay. This native officer was mortally wounded, and four other Sepoys wounded.

A pretender Prince has been caught with his mock Court, and some women who were called Princesses. He has been issuing royal orders and pillaging villages, causing loss of life, so that I expect he will be shot. He has no real claim whatever to the name of Prince. Perhaps a year or two in jail with hard labour and a good whipping would be as good, only he might be troublesome when he got out. If we only pension these rebels and take care of them in nice places in India, a large crop of pretenders will soon spring up. Already there are three Princes in the field against us. The poor people of the country are perplexed what to do.

I visited a second Burmese hospital on Saturday, and found a young dacoit shot through the leg by our men. He told me he was compelled to join under fear of death, and had only joined once. What he fears is that when he is cured he will be tried for dacoity and condemned to death,—that will not be, I think. A sadder case was

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that of a cheery old lady who was shot by our men through mistake. Dacoits were in the village, and she and her family were escaping, our men not seeing distinctly, fired upon them, and the old lady's arm was shattered, and is now amputated close to the shoulder. She is doing well.

At Minhlah, two poor little children were found clasped in each others arms, shot through by one bullet. Such is war. Does it not make one shudder and cry to God for "Peace in our time, O Lord."

THE ROYAL LIBRARY AND PALI MSS.

Feb. 7th. I am in a rather singular position just now, as I am a kind of general visitor of the Buddhist Monasteries. The Chief Civil Officer has given me a letter in Burmese, addressed to all Hpoongyees, Abbots, and "Religious," requesting them to give me information, and in case they have anything to bring to the notice of Government, to send it through me. Of course this is only to prevent their property or persons being illtreated or insulted by the new comers of various nationalities, and for the preservation of Pali MSS., some of which are of great interest to scholars in Europe. I have charge now of the Royal Library in the Palace, and am to set to work cataloguing as soon as possible. There is a Russian Professor here, and it was perhaps partly to take care of him that I was so readily put on by our officers. My dear old teacher, Dr. Rost, of the India Library, London, will doubtless be very glad to hear we have saved the Palace Library. It was being sold bit by bit for Prize Money, but I suggested to General Prendergrast that it would be a graceful act on

the part of the army to make a present to our Universities at home, instead of making mincemeat of the books. He at once agreed. Whether London India Library, Oxford, or Cambridge, or all three will receive the offer, is not yet settled. Strange as it may seem, the books will be of more value to learning and science in London, than in Mandalay or Rangoon. The old King would not allow even copies to be made of his books. I picked up a pretty gold book,—palm leaves, and written with an iron stylus, and found it was a book of meditation and devotion, belonging to the Princess of May Doo, who became Queen May Doo, one of the wives of King Bah Gyee Daw, who fought against us in the 1st Burmese War. The book is dated Burmese Era, 1194, *i.e.*, A.D. 1833. Another book was a part of an illustrated life of Gaudama. The King Min Dohn ordered his Royal artist to paint the pictures; but one day when the King was present in the studio, and the painter lying on the floor painting as usual, a Royal page of 14 years pinched the artist, and at last he got so enraged that he picked up the King's spittoon and brought it with a crash on the page's head. There was a great hullabooloo, and the youngster's head was broken. The King was very angry at this insult to his Majesty, and the painter was at once ordered to jail. He would have been killed, but being a man of genius, and the Burmese Head Hpoon-gyee begged for his life—so after an imprisonment of five months he was released, but he never got into favour again, and the pictures were never finished. I expect to come across some curious books; two I have already seen are "The Praises of the King," and "The Praises of the Queen Mother." These books were chanted in the

presence of those whose names they bear as a sort of soothing lullaby.

THE COMING OF THE VICEROY.

The Viceroy is to be here next Friday, if all be well, and will stay for a few days. If you wish to tell him anything particular you had better telegraph, or cable-graph, or heliograph, or semigraph; we do all the graphs here except cablegraphs. There is flag-wagging on all the hills to the troops in the valleys, and they flash signals at night with powerful lanterns, and so keep themselves well informed of all that goes on round about. A lot of troops are out to-day again, and more go out to-morrow; they want to catch two or three of the rebel princes, then the country will be quieter, I hope. The Burmese officer who fought hardest is to come to see me on Tuesday morning. He is called the "Royal Hand," because he has such a tremendously big palm and strong hand, and once killed a prisoner with a slap from his open hand. He was Governor of Minhlah, where the first big fights took place, and now Thibau has gone he wants to be put into work again under the British Government.

Lady Dufferin comes with the Viceroy, and two or three other ladies, so the Palace is undergoing great alterations for them, though they are to be here only three or four days. But it is right to shew respect to our Empress in the person of the Viceroy; the Burmese will think all the more of him, of the Empress, and of us, if we do the grand now.

PREPARATIONS FOR VISIT OF VICEROY.

Feb. 11th. I am not at present going to say much about the Viceroy's State Entry, unless the ceremonial is so grand that I get let off in a flowing mood and cannot stop; as our good Doctor would say, "*cacoethes scribendi*;" but the military authorities have issued a programme which is a pattern and model to all ceremonialists, ecclesiastical, civil, or otherwise. It regulates dress, position, action, time, order, everything that can be thought of, and is so clear that any *contretemps* ought to be impossible, and time enough is given to everybody concerned to learn his part thoroughly, and pace over the ground so as to know where he is to be at the right moment.

The preparations will have an excellent effect upon the Burman mind, and the Viceroy will doubtless worthily fulfil his honourable office as representative of our Queen Empress, whom God preserve long to us. I remember Min-dohn-Min's and Thibau Min's "Twet-daw-moo-thee," (State functions, &c.) but the Viceroy and Governor General will surpass them, and one grand benefit conferred upon the town and city will be the possession of an excellent road right from the Strand to the south gate of the city. The road was there before but in inferior condition, and the bridges were narrow and sometimes impassable. Now the road is wide, bridges enlarged, strengthened, dust laid, gravelled and rolled, so that should it be my lot to return to Maulmain and stand again for the Municipality, I shall have in mind the *beau ideal* of excellence, so far as roads go, and provided funds are forthcoming, may expect to earn the grateful thanks of future generations, as they

save the tongues, heads, and ribs, and their gharry springs and temper by travelling in comfort and safety.

DISCOVERIES IN THE PALACE.

Now let me tell you of two or three little discoveries in the Palace.

Considering all things it was singular to find a portrait of our Queen. This was sent, I forget whether in 1866 or 1871, with an autograph letter. Both letter and portrait are now taken good care of. The Queen's portrait is a very good one, handsomely framed in very heavy wood, with purple velvet and gold fittings. Col. Sladen was against the presentation, and most people think he was right. There were also portraits of other European Sovereigns, but none of them so well got up as our Queen's picture. I hope none of them will be sold.

Another interesting piece of spoil came into my hands on Tuesday, February 9th. I opened an old box, looking for Pali books again, and found a lot of rice pot covers and "Kun thee nyat," *i.e.*, betel nut cutters; and what seemed to be like a lady's writing case and blotting book. It was rather pretty, glass backs, with floriated gold borders, and a water fountain in Mother of Pearl. Opening it, inside was crimson silk; then, ah then!—What do you think? A Burmese document on stiff paper with gold margin, signed "Dalhousie." This made me look eagerly, and I found it was the State despatch which settled the British boundary after the 2nd Burmese war. It is worth giving a copy. Don't think I am translating. After finishing the Burmese I turned over two leaves and found the English copy. Here it is:—

" TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF AVA.

" A.C.—In the letter which the Governor General in Council has had the honour of receiving, your Majesty expresses a hope that territory may not be taken, but only the expenses of the War. Your Majesty further declares your desire that a treaty of peace should be concluded between the States.

"The Governor General in Council reminds your Majesty, that when hostilities were first commenced he declared his readiness to renew relations of friendship, on payment being made of the expenses of the war.

"The Court of Ava refused to listen to that offer. The Court of Ava refused all reparation for the wrong it had done, for its violation of public treaties.

"For many months the Court of Ava waged war against the British Government, in maintenance of acts which your Majesty admits to have been unlawful and unjust.

"Wherefore the Government of India has found it necessary for its own interests, and for the security of its subjects, to deprive the Court of Ava of the power thus to injure and do it wrong. To that end, the British Government having conquered the Southern Provinces of the Burman Kingdom, established its frontier to the northward of Meaday. When the Envoy, whom your Majesty had authorised to negotiate for peace declared his readiness to sign a Treaty in conformity with the Proclamation, the Governor General in Council, sincerely desirous that peace should be restored, consented to accept a frontier in the neighbourhood of Prome. But your Majesty's Envoy then faithlessly receding from the declarations he had previously made, refused to sign a Treaty of Peace whereby the British Boundary should be fixed at Prome. Accordingly he was informed that the Government of India had finally fixed the Boundary of the British Territories at six miles to the north of Meaday, as described in the document which was delivered to him.

"From this Boundary the Governor General in Council is resolved never again to recede.

"If your Majesty desires that peace should be restored between the two great nations, your Majesty will forthwith cause a Treaty to be signed whereby each State shall retain the Territories which it now holds, and which have already been described, while peace and friendship shall be again restored.

"If your Majesty shall refuse to sign such Treaty, and shall seek to molest the British Government, either by your own acts or by those of your subjects in the peaceable possession of the Territories it has conquered, the Governor General in Council again declares to

your Majesty, that while sincerely desirous of peace, he is fully prepared for war.

"The consequence of such renewal of war, your Majesty cannot fail to anticipate.

"The Governor General in Council therefore expects that for the sake of your own interests, and for the safety of your State, your Majesty will direct the immediate execution of a Treaty of Peace in accordance with the terms which were offered to your Envoy, the Egga-maha-na-pe-dee, at his first conference with the British Commissioners.

"These, and these only are the terms which the Governor General in Council will now consent to grant or to accept."

"May 21st, 1853."

"DALHOUSIE."

The English copy is nearly in pieces, but has not been pasted together. It has a cross mark at the fatal "six miles." The Burmese copy has been worn to pieces, but it has been pasted over at the back and gummed to a stouter piece of paper, with an additional piece where the pages fold together.

The English, as you can see, reads well, as though Lord Dalhousie were saying to himself "We'll have no more nonsense." The Burmese reads as though the writer were about to burst into a passion, but made a violent effort and restrained himself.

The despatch got to Ava at a very unfortunate time for the Burmese Government. I handed the document to Colonel Bengough, who will give it to the Viceroy I suppose.

All the Pali books are now gathered together in one place, the old Royal Library, and after the Viceroy has gone, steps must be taken to catalogue them. The Hpoongyees of various monasteries have buried their books and will keep them so, for risk of fire, thieves, dacoits, &c., till quieter times. This accounts for the small number of books in some of the libraries.

RECEPTIONS BY THE VICEROY AND LADY DUFFERIN.

Feb. 21st. The day after the Viceroy and Lady Dufferin entered Mandalay there was a State Council held at the Shore. The Viceroy sat on the throne, and asked the ministers of King Thibau all kinds of questions;—how they ruled the country under the King. He gave them a piece of warning, and said the British Government would reward those who served the Queen-Empress faithfully and loyally, but would be quick to punish those who offended, broke their promises, or misused their power.

On Saturday, February 13th, Lady Dufferin received the wives and daughters of the Burmese Mingyees (Ministers) and other ladies of Mandalay. They were not obliged to lie on the floor on their knees and elbows like frogs (that was the old custom in the palace), but were treated like ladies should be. This scene you will find in the *Illustrated London News*.

On Monday, February 15th, there was a grand sight. All the officers and gentlemen, English, French, Italian, German, and American, and a number of the native gentry, Burmese, Chinese, and Mussulmans, went in procession before the Viceroy, each as his name was called out, passed before the Governor General, and made a bow which the Governor General returned. Some of the Burmans seemed frightened, and some went past without paying any salute (not from unwillingness, but from bewilderment); but they were quickly called back again. I thought some would have liked better to be sitting down in their old style, but that is not our English custom. The Chinese did their bowing very well, all their heads were nicely shaved, and their

cues (or pigtails) were let down behind their backs, their mark of respect.

When the native officers of the Indian army came forward there was a very interesting little ceremony—the English Officer commanding each regiment introduced his native officers—Subadars and Jemadars—each marched up to the Viceroy, with turban on, saluted with the right hand in military style, and held his sword so as to let the Viceroy touch the hilt with his right hand. This custom, as you know, means that the officer will serve the Viceroy faithfully, and only bear and wield the sword in his cause. Lord Dufferin had a very grand uniform: a helmet with gold ornaments and white plumes; scarlet tunic, with sparkling stars, crosses, orders, and decorations. He looked and stood like a king, smiling upon his many visitors and subjects.

Next day the Viceroy gave back to the Burmese Head Hpoongyee—the Tha-tha-na-baing—the images of Gaudama, which the Kings of Burmah have for generations been setting up one after another in the Palace. Some of them are like rough blocks of stone covered with gold, with barely any shape for their eyes, ears, and mouths. Some were said to be all gold, others had rubies and diamonds set about them. The Viceroy gave them all back to the Tha-tha-na-baing to show that our Government will not oppress or persecute the Buddhist religion, and anyone who likes to follow it may.

After this event we all got ready to say good-bye to the Viceroy and Lady Dufferin. The band played “God save the Queen.” The procession of carriages, officers, and cavalry, formed and went out of the east gate of the Palace, through two long lines of soldiers

with glittering bayonets, right down to the shore, where the Viceroy went at once on board the steamer "Mindoon." There was a salute of 31 guns as the Viceroy stepped on board that evening, and another at 6-30 on Friday morning as the ship left the shore.

Now the Viceroy has come and gone. All Burmans are British subjects, right up to Mogoung, and I hope they will soon be peaceful and prosperous.

A MANDALAY DUST STORM.

March 7th. There is a good joke (too rough) about the Viceroy's speech here on Feb. 17th. It was telegraphed down, and arrived in Rangoon in two parts, the second before the first, two days after the Viceroy got there.

I cannot write much to-day, as I have got a sty in my left eye, which bothers me, and it was made worse by a terrible dust storm we had last Friday—a regular Simoon, except that it was from the north, and blew dust instead of sand. It was fearful. I was at the shore half the day, waiting for the Bishop, having gone down on a false alarm of his arrival. I stayed in camp with the 1st Madras Pioneers till dusk, and then made up my mind to return. Just as I ordered my bullock cart out, smoke was seen, and I thought I would wait to see the Bishop, though he would not go up to town that night. I strolled down to the beach with three or four of the officers, when we noticed a peculiar cloud to the north, and I recognised the signs of a little cyclone, such as we often had at Mandalay in old days. I thought it would burst and have done in half an hour, but did not reckon on the dust. The "Dowoon," the Bishop's steamer, got

within half a mile or so when down came the storm, with a peculiar, tremulous rattle, and we were all half-blinded at once by the dust. We were half-suffocated, and had to grope our way. Major Fenwick and I stuck close together till we were blown apart. Then he took shelter on the ground under a huge log, and I sat under a stone heap, expecting to be covered with stones. When the wind shifted a little the noise among the broken stones was horrible. It sounded as though 100 boys were pitching boulders into a pit. I cleared out sideways, and got under the lee of a bamboo fence, which cut the wind and gave me breathing. I tried many a time to face the tempest, but it was no use, so I remained there an hour and a half. Major Fenwick got up, and, knowing the geography of the place, staggered backwards about 100 yards into the Commissariat Godowns, where he found some of our late companions sheltering. He kindly sallied out to find me, and, having done so, we linked arm in arm and backed against the wind into the Commissariat Godowns, and stayed till the storm abated. The dust was frightful,—eyes, ears, noses, hair, full as full could be. We got dinner with the Pioneers at nine instead of seven, and, with a martial cloak wrapped round me, I went on board the “Sir William Peel” for the night. The wreckage piled up around the bows of the steamer was extraordinary—logs, bamboos, mats, &c., &c., piled one on top of another, extending yards in front of her bows, and chains like drift ice in the Arctic regions, and the Calassies were standing far out on it, hacking and chopping away to free the cables from the extra strain. I felt queer and full of sand, but soon got to sleep, and went early

the next morning to meet the Bishop, in a cassock not fit to be seen. I lost my cart, bullocks, driver, and boy, they had been a few yards away from me, but the wind and dust had hid them and they could not find me, so they made the best of their way home, and got to the Clergy House, at 9-30 p.m.

BURMESE NEW YEAR CUSTOMS, FIRES, &c.

April 18th. A gun was fired on Monday morning, April 12th, at five minutes past seven o'clock, to tell when the Burmese new year began, but there was not so much water throwing as usual. I did see a few girls dripping wet and like drowned ducks, and some of them drenched Col. Lowndes, Mr. Moylan, and other gentlemen passing by. Most of the people had no mind for such fun, and I am sorry to say that a wicked few were even then plotting to burn down the whole city.

We had been warned that there would be a "rising" at the new year, but nobody attached much importance to the warning. On Wednesday night, April 14th, some well known dacoits came into the city, and during the night and early next morning, they set the City, Palace, and Town on fire in six different places.

Men with white flags, on which were stitched red ogres (Beloos), planted these flags close to the King's Bazaar, and told the people about that they had come in front of the Burmese army, which would shortly advance and drive all the British out. A number of desperate men got over the city wall and set fire to the houses near the south gate. They burned the Treasury, the Palace, Post office, and the Commissariat stores,

and set fire to the place where the artillery keep their bombshells and ammunition; our soldiers had to take the shells and cartridges out of the burning building or there might have been worse mischief. The rebels also tried to fire the beautiful Pagoda Chapel, which I described before. One of the sentries saw a man under the chapel with a lighted torch, chased after him, and caught him and saved the building. I am sorry to say that several of our soldiers were killed and wounded in the confusion.

THE CITY AND PALACE ATTACKED—OUTBREAKS, &C.

When the rebels outside Mandalay saw the fire and smoke, they took it as a signal, and prepared to attack the east side of the city and Palace. Three hundred of them attacked our military post of Yankintoung, about three miles east. They killed two or three native soldiers in a sudden attack, but were very soon driven back, leaving twelve of their men dead. The men who planted the Beloo flags were mostly captured, and the party at the south gate was chased after it had got over the wall and moat. The cavalry followed up the pursuit past Amerapoora, and brought back several prisoners. So except destroying the property of their own people, the dacoits did very little damage.

I am sorry the Palace suffered, because discontented Burmans will say, "They cannot even take care of the place their soldiers live in; how then can they govern the whole Kingdom." Of course that is nonsense, really, for any wicked fellow might cause more mischief than a thousand wise and good men could set right.

Another extraordinary and absurd thing during the

day, was the attempt of three young Burmans in the city to frighten a postman, and cut his letter bag from him. He had a spear in his hand and a soldier was passing by, so they drove off two of the Burmans and took the third prisoner; he seemed only about 18 years of age, and had evidently been eating opium. In the fight he had got roughly handled, and was covered with blood when I saw him handed over to the military authorities in the Palace.

On Tuesday night, April 15th, we had an alarm on our side. There is a regiment of Madras soldiers close to us, some of them even in our own Compound. The dacoits were reported coming, so all in the Clergy House were armed, and a watch was kept by one or another of us all the night. At 10 o'clock there was a great rushing, yelling, and howling of dogs and men. The Sepoys gave the alarm and we all got ready, but it was only a false alarm. An hour after this the dacoits attacked a house to the south of us; some of our soldiers went and drove them off, killing two, and wounding several, and taking some prisoners; we kept ready all night, for the firing was close upon us, but there was nothing more to be done. On Friday, there were two alarms of fire, but not very serious; and to-day, as far as I know the town has been perfectly quiet.

No Burmans are allowed inside the Palace without passes now. Where the people have gone to who lived in the part of the city which has been destroyed, I cannot tell. I measured one place which had just been burned out, the embers still smoking, and people raking them about, to find, if possible, little bits of unconsumed property. This place measured 600 ft. by 300 ft., and

had been covered with houses. This was one fire out of six the same day. It is hard to say how many houses were destroyed; lots of people took out bundles of their property and carried them away, so we hope many of them have saved what they valued most. No people were burned to death in these fires; but a medical man attached to the native army, who was passing by, was cut down by the dacoits and killed. An hour afterwards a friend and I were at the spot, and some officers rode up to see if we were armed, saying no Europeans ought to be without arms. We had none, but when we got into the Palace, I picked up an old carbine, unloaded, and as we drove back, stuck the muzzle out of the Gharry door, to satisfy our kind warners and others that we were armed.

We had another fire on April 30th, even more dreadful and destructive than the fires earlier in the month, and much nearer to us. The fire broke out about midnight, and was so bright that it lighted up the whole country for miles around. We thought it was steadily sweeping in our direction, and all Government stores, ammunition, &c., were taken out of the School-room the soldiers use as a barrack. Showers of burning embers came over us, and a great canopy of smoke, but we were providentially saved from fire, and were most thankful. In the suburbs of the city, a place a mile and a half in length, and from half a mile to three quarters in breadth, was devastated by the fire, and it was calculated that over 4,000 houses were burned down. This was not, I believe, the work of dacoits, but an accidental fire. You may imagine how the people suffered.

THE PYIMMANA PRINCE AT THE ROYAL SCHOOL.

May 30th. The rains have now come, and so we are cooler and happier. The cholera came, but only attacked two new bodies of men, and probably they brought it with them from Assam or Bengal, their last station.

I have just had made over to me one of the old King's sons, Pyimmana Mintha, a nice little lad of 13 years. His mother, the Kyay Myin Queen, is a very nice lady of 35, and begs me to take great care of her boy—her only child. The Prince's grandfather is one of the old Burmese ministers, 83 years of age, and spared by Thibau, I suppose, because he was so old. This boy is the only Prince allowed to stay in Mandalay. Of course he is only a Prince in name now ; but if he does well in school, and is a gentlemanly youth, our Government will do a good deal for him, I am sure. He was formally made over on Thursday last, but brought yesterday by his mother, who had despatched half-a-dozen servants some hours before to put his little room into proper order,—white and yellow silk bed curtains, tied with green velvet ; white mattresses and sheets, with velvet pillow, water goblets, and triple-faced mirror, and other pretty nic-nacs to fit him up. To-day three loads of food have come for him, morning, noon, and evening, and his mother did not forget me either.

I hope some of this state will be dropped soon—it must be. But he is decidedly a little gentleman,—lecturing his attendants in a strange, kind, old-fashioned style. I had only two chairs for the old grandfather (the Mingyee), the Queen, and the Prince. I wanted the mother to sit on one chair ; the old man sat on one,

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of course. The little Prince would not sit on the chair till his mother told him, and she sat more comfortably on a fine carpet I have on the floor. His mother smelt (not kissed) him very lovingly twice before she left, and I was pleased to see him go on his knees and bow to the ground before her as she was going away. I don't think he will give me any trouble. The old minister said "Check him, reprove him, beat him, to make him a wise, good man." His mother says when he has passed his English examination, let him be a Doctor. Our Government would be delighted at this, for Burmans fight shy of learning surgery and anatomy, and he might lead the way to a change.

FREE PARDON OFFERED TO REBELS, DACOITS, &c.

May 31st. The little Prince is in school, and seems to like it. It was a very proper answer he gave me the other day. I said, "Can you read?" He said, "Yes." "What do you read?" He answered quite naturally, "The Books of the History of the Kings, and the Affairs of State." Very proper reading for a young princeling.

Our Government promises a general amnesty to all rebels, insurgents, or dacoits, who give themselves up and bring in their arms for the next few days,—really June 1st is stated, but the period will be extended, so I hope lots of deluded creatures will come to terms and save their lives. They must have a bad time of it in the forests now, for like Robin Hood and his men, they have to shift from place to place, and if ever they seem to make a settlement anywhere, our troops are at them at once. There has been, and will be fighting with the

wild Kachyins, near Bhamo, with losses on our side, officers and men, and we are just expecting to hear of heavy fighting on the Assam frontier, where last week a party of dacoits drove an escort of 100 men of ours back, wounding two officers, and killing and wounding some fifteen men. Nothing has occurred of this sort near Mandalay for some time. You will be glad to hear that I am again able to help sufferers. Lots of old Queens and Princesses were badly treated by Thibau, and ill-provided for by our Government. I have taken the trouble to find out and represent several cases to Government with good effect, and the ladies, so long as they remain unmarried, will get pensions of from £50 to £150 a year, which is at least better than nothing. The young Princes will get a good education if they care for it, and government appointments afterwards if they work for and deserve them. Old Ministers of State under Min-dohn and Thibau will get pensions too, I suppose. The confusion as to property here is of course very great, sometimes half-a-dozen claimants for the same piece of property, house or land. I don't know what our officers will do. Happily for us the Church Compound has not been encroached upon, and we have only to put up our fences and hold on, hands, claws, and teeth, against all comers.

The Prince's servant or guardian is his uncle. He was a Royal Herald under Thibau, and second in command of the Burmese troops who fought against us at Myingyan, as the fleet came up. He says none of them imagined they could beat us, but the King would fight, and the Ministers had to talk as though they would quickly annihilate our army.

VISIT TO TROOPS AT SAGAIN AND AVA.

July 3rd. This is the place where the big fight *In Sagain Fort.* was expected, when our troops came up in November last, and where the disarmament of the Burmese soldiers took place. Just across the river, which here is 2,500 yards wide, is the fort of Ava, and between the two the Burmese had sunk a lot of boats, steamers, &c., to block up the passage for our transports, but there was no fighting at all then. The fort is now occupied by about 200 of our troops, 120 Europeans, and about the same number of Madras Sepoys. I came down yesterday from Mandalay, and am staying over Sunday to hold services, and also intend crossing over to Ava fort. This evening, we, *i.e.*, the officers, got up a kind of entertainment for the men, who have very little amusement, and are not allowed far from the fort. The officer commanding the fort gave a recitation; I gave some account of the History of Burmah and my adventures in Mandalay. I think the men will come all the readier to the parade services if they hear from the *padre* first that he can do something besides preach to them. There are very few sick men here, no very bad cases, and no deaths from sickness have taken place either among British or Madras troops since the fort was occupied. Just outside the gates are three nicely kept graves, one of young Lieut. Cockeram, killed in action some miles away; another, that of Surgeon Heath, who was shot dead while trying to carry off a wounded comrade, Lieutenant Armstrong, when they were attacked by dacoits between the fort and the ships, only half-a-mile apart then. The dacoits were hiding in the jungle, and rushed out

upon a small party of officers leisurely walking down to the shore.

Things are very quiet here now, there are no bands of dacoits within 12 miles, but we made a longer ride than we ought to have done this morning, into the country, without arms, the officers thought so too, so next time they will go better prepared.

I have left them alone at Mandalay this trip. so I hope they will show well when I return, and give me confidence in leaving them again on duty like this. It is awkward when we clergymen leave our posts, even for one Sunday. We cannot say to the next Vicar or Rector "Please take my duty on Sunday," because everybody is generally so full of work, and lives so far from his neighbouring priest. We missionaries can take Chaplain's duties sometimes, but they cannot help us much in our Burmese work. Last Sunday I had six services and four sermons by myself, with two celebrations,—8, 9-30, 11, 12, 4, and 5-45.

INUNDATION OF MANDALAY,—RISING OF THE IRRAWADDY.

Sept. 18th. I am quite anxious to know what sort of a story you have heard about the inundation. The *Times* Correspondent here maintained that hundreds of lives were lost, but I stick to the smaller number, and I have got into hot water in consequence. The local correspondents have sent fearful accounts, putting the loss of life at 1,000 or even 2,000. The Official Government Report puts down the loss at 13, or a few over that. My report was sent in first—"Loss of life under 25." The Burmese Tha-tha-na-baing has reported later much as I reported; so we have the

Government and clericals on one side, and the newspaper correspondents on the other in a drawn battle. Some will believe one, some the other.

We did expect a regular outburst of fever, dysentery, and perhaps cholera, as the water subsided, but up to the present in our compound nothing of the kind has taken place ; nor, so far as I can hear, is there anything uncommon in the health of the city and town in general. You see that both in its immediate and after results the flood has been much less of a calamity than we feared it would be.

The water has risen again, and is rising, but it rises very slowly now, so there is no fear of much damage being done.

GOVERNMENT RELIEF OF THE SUFFERERS FROM THE FLOOD.

Sept. 27th. Our Government has been giving rice and three-farthings a day to about 5,000 people drowned out by the water. One day, when the people were assembled in great numbers, the rain came on heavily, and the people, crowded together, rushed through a gate just then thrown open. The front ranks, old men, women, and children, were thrown down, and the multitude behind streamed over them, not knowing what had happened. Two old men, two children, and eight women were killed outright ; two more died from the trampling on them within an hour or two ; and six more were hurt, but are better again. It was the sudden panic and rush to get food and to get out of the way of the rain. This morning I was in a crowd of the poor people, giving them little notes or tickets to entitle

them to relief, and they got uncomfortably pertinacious; but we made them all sit down quietly on the ground, and then there was no danger. Until a few days ago relief was given to all who asked, but now the ticket system has come into force there will not be so many people applying. But is it not hard? A rumour has been spread about that the rice is being distributed by order of King Thibau. It is very annoying. Another rumour was that he had sent 65lbs of gold to re-build a grand Pagoda near Mandalay, the fact being that our Government had captured some Rs.6,000 value of gold, but, as it belonged to the said Pagoda, they professed willingness to give it up into the hands of the Trustees of the Pagoda, to be spent on the Pagoda. Our Government, as you know, is very careful not to interfere in the matter of religion, unless it is a cover for treason, disloyalty, or vice.

I will in another letter give you little bits of my experience lately in another kind of work—helping the distressed—but I fear I shall come in for knocks and reproof from some people, who will say I am interfering in things that do not concern me.

PENSIONS AND ALLOWANCES TO MEMBERS OF THE
ROYAL FAMILY, &c.

Oct. 11th. I told you last week I would tell you how the poor Queens have found me out, and how I sometimes help them. There were some 30 or 40 Queens, great and small. So long as the old King lived they were well cared for, and had each of them State allowances, and a larger or smaller retinue of servants—in fact, were royally cared for. From

time to time they received large presents from the King, who seems to have been very good to them, as they all speak very affectionately about him still, and the wise among them saved up these presents till they had quite a little treasure chest.

When the King's illness became very severe several of them, to provide for the future, quietly committed their savings into the hands of persons they thought they could trust; and when, after the long, hard time of imprisonment in Thibau's reign, the British Government was established here, and the Royal ladies set at liberty and granted small pensions, they plucked up courage to ask the persons to whom they had intrusted their property to give it back again, but with little good result. I am no lawyer, but lots of the Queens and Princesses came to me for advice and help, for several of them I have helped to get back their landed property, and just now have helped one—a nice lady of 53—to make her case in court for Rs.20,000, in one quarter, and Rs.90,000 in another. I believe you know a little what lawyers' fees are, and really it does not seem to need a lawyer's skill to see where justice lies in these cases, so I have advised them, too, without lawyers' fees. The pleas set up by some of these trustees are as follows:—

“I acknowledge I received the money, or jewels from you, but I gave it to your mother while you were in prison.” (The mother is dead.)

Another says: “Yes, I got your gold, jewels, and other property to the value of Rs.10,000, but I gave it back to your daughter, the Princess So-and-so, one day when she was by herself in the Palace, and I do not know what she did with it.”

These are fine excuses indeed. They might be true, but are probably not true in the least. Our Government officials have a fine task before them in searching out all the truth in these cases. You may imagine what lying and perjury goes on in the Courts, and all the more if the Judge does not know the language in which the parties are being examined.

I have had several presents offered to me or to the Church, but I have declined them. One man for whom I had written a letter, came after his release from prison, bringing a roll of Rs.150 in his hand. Another, a woman whose husband was released after bail was given, offered me a cart and two bullocks.

This morning I had a present sent from one of the Queens of a beautiful silver box, with a Burmese string of beads of sandal wood most delicately perfumed; "a pretty present for your table." But I could not take it, it would be too much like bribery and corruption, and in helping them for pity's sake my own hands must be kept clean.

If any one finds fault with a Missionary for helping in this way, I shall answer, "Consider the topsy-turviness of Mandalay just now,—the people hardly know whether they are Burmese or British subjects,—and whether they are on their heads or their feet; and in particular, these Queens and Princesses are not more accustomed to the ways of the world than a flock of good sisters of charity from a convent would be."

BURIAL OF GEORGE CALOGREEDY AT MANDALAY.

To-day I am asked to do another strange thing, *i.e.*, to bury the bones of George Calogreedy, who was shot by

dacoits last December. The bones have just been brought in from the place where he was shot. Some are missing. His mother and sister have got a coffin made, and want to have all the bones they can find buried in consecrated ground. It is natural they should wish this. The poor lad was one of our choir boys here in 1874. He went out with several European companions last December; they were met by some 200 or 300 Burmans, and had a fight for three hours, when all were shot down except one, who was afterwards killed. The bodies were thrown into a river and floated towards a Monastery, the Hpoongyee of which got George Calogreedy's body buried, till the floods washed open the grave, and now the bones are being picked up and sent into Mandalay.

RUMOUR OF INTENDED ATTACK ON MISSION,—FALSE
ALARM.

Nov. 22nd. Reports have got about that we are to be attacked in the Clergy House, and that the design is to hurt me. I don't know what I have done to cause this, perhaps it is all nonsense. We had a guard two nights last week but nothing happened, we sleep a little more wakefully perhaps, but cannot, of course, keep awake the whole of every night. This sort thing is, of course, a little bit trying and anxious.

Two more Chaplains have come, so my calls to outside work are less, and likely to be less. I shall be more of a stay-at-home bird so far as military are concerned, and until the country is more quiet, we shall not do much far away from the head-quarters of the mission. The Commissioner of Mandalay, Mr. Burgess, has just made

the offer of a treat to our boys, so we shall have it (D.V.) next week.

A PRESENT FROM THE BISHOP OF TRURO.—
IMMEDIATE USE.

Nov. 28th. G. H. arrived here on the 27th, two *Day of Intercession.* days late, so we were not able to meet him in grand style as arranged. Is it not strange and nice that Dean Gott's kind present of a Communion Case came into use the very day after it got here, and for the purpose of ministering to the dying. We shall have our second service of Intercession at 4-30, and feel brave and strong, knowing how many faithful ones are praying for us and other workers for God, throughout the world.

DISTRIBUTION OF CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS TO YOUNG
OFFICERS IN THE JUNGLE.

Dec. 13th. I have a nice piece of duty to do here to-day, that is, to distribute a number of Christmas puddings. The Bishop and Mrs. Strachan have had 100 made in Rangoon, and are sending them about to young officers on detachment duty, far away from the regimental messes, so that these young fellows will not feel utterly forgotten on Christmas Day. It is very kind and thoughtful on the part of the Bishop and Mrs. Strachan, is it not?

BREAKING UP OF DACOIT GANGS,—PEACE, PROSPERITY.

Dec. 19th. Everything is livelier and better just now, tending towards peace. The troops are better in health, and are more able to march about:

Dacoits have been attacked successfully in many places, and in one affair 200 of them out of 700 were killed. Dacoit leaders in various places are giving themselves up and bringing in men and arms. The two chief rebels still at large are likely to be brought in soon. One, who is a brave old chief, and who has not shown cruelty to his enemies, will probably be pardoned when captured, and put into authority to hunt down the rest. The other, if caught, will probably be shot or transported for life, as he has been so cruel and wicked.

The Christmas watchword is "Peace." So may it be.

STATE VISIT OF GENERAL ROBERTS TO THE
THA-THA-NA-BAING.

Jan. 1st,
1887. We had a fine affair the other day, close to us. The Commander-in-Chief (Sir Frederic Roberts), now in Mandalay paid a State visit to the Buddhish Tha-tha-na-baing (or Archbishop). There were six Generals and 100 or more other officers present, the Tha-tha-na-baing and 13 Sadaws (or Bishops), and scores of Hpoongyees.

The two great men complimented each other, of course, and then they got to business. The Tha-tha-na-baing said the country was much quieter since General Roberts had taken rule in hand, and if he would stay a little longer all would be quiet. He wanted the British to be careful not to injure the Buddhist faith, but to cause it to be stronger than ever, and begged Government Officials to prohibit sale or destruction of Monastic property. The assembled Sadaws said they wished to have the Commander-in-Chief's authority for a proposed proclamation. If they

got the authority they would send out Hpoongyees to preach submission and quietness all over the country, and so bring the people round. The General said he hoped the Tha-tha-na-baing would do all he could for peace and quietness.

I am not writing a newspaper letter, so you must not think you have got hold of the *Times* newspaper. I expect the *Times* will contain a full description of the whole affair.

The Burmese Interpreter got fogged in his head, and could not get on properly. General White came and asked me to interpret for the Commander-in-Chief, which of course I did with pleasure; and I translated the address presented by the Tha-tha-na-baing and the proposed proclamation. I do not know whether our Government will sanction the issue of the proclamation, as it gives power to the Tha-tha-na-baing to correct and punish all Buddhist Ecclesiastical persons, and to dispose of all questions affecting religious property.

The Tha-tha-na-baing is a nice old man of 63 years, and gave the Commander-in-chief a good homily on his duty as a ruler. He said: "I have four words to say, and wish you to take them as principles of your government. They are Myitta, Garuna, Mudita, and Upayka.

MYIT-TA is love—the love and kindness you should show to all people under you.

GA-RU-NA is mercy—regard all people as your own flesh and blood, your own children.

MU-DI-TA is beneficence—that which causes gladness to those about and subject to you.

U-PAY-KA is discrimination and moderation in dealing with those who offend, remembering that they are fated to be bad, so do not punish them as though they could help it."

The General received all this excellently, and answered suitably, so the old man said he and the Sadaws would pray that he might live to a good age, have abundant honours, and freedom from all sickness. We were all photographed immediately after the interview, and I translated the letters presented, and took them to the General at Tiffin next day.

The Tha-tha-na-baing is coming to see me here to-day at 3 o'clock. He has had another interview with the Commander-in-chief since the State interview, and I believe the Commander-in-chief is anxious to be good friends with him, so as to get spiritual authority on the British side. I was glad to be of some service to the Commander-in-chief, it will all stand to the credit of the Church and S.P.G., I hope. It will show that Missionaries do come in useful sometimes. I should say from what I have seen of Sir Frederic Roberts that he would be polite and courteous to anyone, not merely because he had got service rendered by them.

MAGIC LANTERN EXHIBITION AT THE CLERGY HOUSE TO QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

Jan. 9th. On the Feast of the Epiphany we had an interesting event—we had six or eight Queens and a host of Princesses in the Clergy House. I pitied the poor ladies, and so invited them, and more came than we expected. It was a pretty sight. All the ladies were well dressed, and the chief Queen

directed the movements of the rest. All sat on the floor, on carpets we had laid for the purpose. That was their custom in the Palace. Besides a magic lantern exhibition we had music and singing. They seemed to like it, but took all in a very ladylike way, no gush or effusiveness. I know a good many of them, but one of the elder Princesses, the Sa-beh-nago Mintha-mee, brought up many of the younger ladies, and formally presented them, making them shake hands. Thibau's two sisters were very nice ladies, and I am very glad I said nothing about their brother before the whole company, as it might have hurt their feelings.

ARRIVAL OF BISHOP OF RANGOON,—NOVEL BODY-GUARD AND ESCORT.

Feb. 6th. I must tell you about our welcome to the Bishop. We made our arrangements beforehand, and drilled the boys into order. Telegram at 9 o'clock, Friday morning, February 4th, told that the Bishop's steamer was near, so off H—— trotted, and our mounted boys, some 35 or 40 in number, under the command of their teachers, forming quite a bright cavalcade. I expected to have to drive the Bishop up, so I borrowed a horse and trap, one of the few in the station at present, and with a smartly dressed footman—livery black, with scarlet facings and slashes—hurried down to the shore, startling the people on the road, who looked a bit astonished to see the quiet English Hpoongyee driving so furiously at the head of a mounted troop of dashing young Burmans.

We got to the steamer, met the Bishop and Mrs. Strachan, who looked very well, and glad to visit

Mandalay; then I took off the Bishop in the trap, and the Chief Commissioner's son, Mr. Bernard, put Mrs. Strachan and two other ladies into carriages, and they drove off to the Palace. The Bishop was amused, astonished, and pleased with his novel bodyguard, and said he had never heard of the like to meet a Bishop before. Part of the boys were to have gone ahead, but as it was very dusty we altered that part of the scheme, and they all fell behind us. The pony I was driving had good mettle and raced away as for a wager, so that I had to hold him in tightly, and he foamed again. People on the roads looked admiringly on the brightly dressed lads and prancing steeds, and I dare say with their long hair streaming down their backs, and their gay turbans flying back in the wind, they would look many more than they really were. When we got near the Church Compound a lot of the escort broke off and reached the Compound before us; we came over the bridge near the Clergy House, and saw the whole of the boys of the school drawn up in two files along the front road, with banners and flags at the gates, on the trees of the Compound, and on the high Church tower. The finest banner of all was the School Lion banner, it sparkles and glitters like gold in the sunshine; it is really a remarkably fine piece of work. The boys saluted as we dismounted and walked through the files, and then when we had got right through, at the word of command followed the banner up to the school, fell into their places there, and the Bishop came over and made a brief inspection. We then formed into line again and marched to the Church, everybody. Choir and clergy vested. The Bishop sat in his throne to the north side of the Altar,

and we sang "All people that on earth do dwell," said the Lord's Prayer, and sang again, "God Save the Queen," all in Burmese. The boys formed outside the Church, gave three cheers, then at the word the riding boys mounted again and followed us in the trap to the Palace, where the Bishop thanked them for their courtesy, and they saluted and returned.

VISITING TROOPS &C., AT BHAMO.

Feb. 27th. We are here now, as far north and east
Bhamo. as our post can carry letters. There is no Church here, but a big barrack-room was cleared and benches provided. Drums made a prayer desk. Everybody came fully armed, as there was a rumour the place was to be attacked by some 8,000 Chinese and Burmans. It was attacked some nights ago, and part of the buildings destroyed, but greater precautions have been taken since.

I was here with the Bishop a year ago. Since then the place has become busier and fuller. Curious Shan and Kachyin people throng the streets, all dressed in blue cloth, with leggings round their fat calves; and the better class of women with silver and gold buckles at the throat, and round-bullet silver buttons on their jackets. Not very handsome people, but very merry. Not very clean, but very honest. At least, if they do plunder, it is by force, not by craft. We have no Mission here, and I don't want the Bishop to establish one here, as there are so many Missionaries either begun or ready to begin. Two R. C. Priests here now; two Baptists and others coming. I want the Bishop to send our Missionaries to places where there are no

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other Missionaries at work, and we can find plenty of big towns or villages for them in Upper Burmah.

I don't know quite what will be done, but I am advocating the establishment of a new Mission a day's journey from Mandalay, so that we may be able to strengthen each other and often meet. Bhamò and Mandalay are too far apart. We, for instance, left Mandalay February 12th, and got to Bhamo, February 24th, at great cost and difficulty.

To-morrow (D.V.) the Bishop will consecrate the Cemetery here, where 27 British officers and men lie buried, all since we left here last time.

On Friday night last I showed our magic lantern to about one hundred Kachyins and Shans in the American Missionary's house. They had never seen the like, and were, of course, greatly delighted. Though it is almost the end of February, the cold in a morning is very great here; very great as we think, but I dare say you would laugh at our "cold" and say: "What nice mild weather!"

VISITING TROOPS &C., AT SHWEBO.

March 6th. I don't know whether you can find this
Shwebo. place on the map, but I dare say you can. It is about 60 miles north of Mandalay, on the right or west side of the river Irrawaddy, about 17 miles from that river, and is the head-quarter station of a brigade of troops. It was in days gone by the Royal city of Aloungpayah the founder of Thibau's dynasty, and we are now in the stockade just outside the walls of the ancient city. I have not been in the city yet, duty has kept me to camp, but I must go through the place before we leave on Tuesday for Kyouk Myoung.

We arrived in Kyouk Myoung *i.e.*, the river station for Shwebo, on Friday last, at about 1 o'clock, having previously telegraphed our movements from the station Katha, higher up the river. I hurried ashore to make certain that transport animals and an escort were ready, but found no saddles had been provided. At last we got a Burmese saddle and bridle for the Bishop's pony, and he mounted pretty comfortably, though not in very grand trim, as the saddle was old and worn, and the stirrups held up by somewhat rotten string. I was less fortunate, and with a blanket over the pony's back, his halter for a bridle gagging his mouth, and my legs dangling down on each side without stirrups, off we set, at about three.

Our baggage went in a cart, and our boys walked, or rode in the cart; our escort of three Sepoys stayed with the baggage. After four miles some Burmese riders overtook us and wished us to press on with them, we were half-a-mile ahead of our escort, but we thought it better to decline. I got one of the Burmans to exchange ponies with me and give me his with a decent saddle and bridle, and then I felt much more comfortable.

We went slowly, as our escort was slow, and at dusk had only got some seven miles, when we came to a Police stockade and made our stay there for the night, making the best dinner we could without knives, forks or spoons. I drank my soup out of the manufacturer's soup tin, but it was just as nice, and our sleep in the block house was very refreshing. So was the bath we took next morning out of a soda water bottle full of water, we did not get into the bottle, but our boys poured the water upon our open hands and we had a refresher over

head and face; then on to our original steeds again. Our first escort left us, and we had now three Sowars, or Hyderabad cavalry men, well mounted, with shining lances. It looked as though we were a couple of ecclesiastical prisoners being brought in, our mounts were so poor and our escort so grand. However, five miles further on we were met by another Hyderabad lancer and syce with two beautiful ponies, properly saddled, which the Colonel in command at Shwebo had kindly sent on to meet us; so after another four miles we entered Shwebo in pretty decent order and condition. The road was very wild and solitary, there were only two villages in the 17 miles, and in one cutting of the new road we met a gang of prisoners being marched in under a guard of soldiers. All the wounded, sick, or convoys of stores or provisions, or mail bags, have to be sent under escort of troops.

We were kindly received to breakfast, and after a good rest went round to the mess houses of the South Yorkshire Regiment, the 1st Bengal Infantry, the Hyderabad Cavalry, and the Station mess. Later on I visited the hospital and found some "Leeds Loiners," and Kirkgate men; some "Leeds Irishmen" too. We had choir practice with band instruments helping, and it did us all good to hear the Yorkshire voices singing the old familiar hymns once more. A medical man of the Indian service said, "Hearing those hymns has given me six months more life, I have not heard a hymn or a prayer for so long." We were glad to find so few serious cases of sickness in the hospital, but there has been a great deal of sickness of one sort or another in this station from time to time; and one little cemetery, just

outside the stockade in which we live, is quite full of graves; not South Yorkshire men, but men of regiments who were here last year. There are only about 100 men of the South Yorkshire Regiment in Shwebo just now, we met 300 of them just as we were leaving Bhamo, and several hundred others are scattered about at small military posts to the north and west of the place, keeping the country in order, and ready to suppress any attempt at rebellion or dacoity. Colonel Burnaby is in command of the regiment, and the Adjutant is Captain Sir E. Johnson. They tell me the chief recruiting ground for the regiment is Leeds, Bradford, Batley, and Dewsbury, and the Depôt at Pontefract; so I have no doubt friends of the men would be glad to hear that they are doing well, and keeping on the whole very free from sickness here at present. Till now the heat has not been great, but the thermometer got up to 95° in the hospital yesterday, and the latter part of this month and beginning of April will shew much greater heat no doubt.

To-morrow, D.V., the Bishop will consecrate the full cemetery, and on Monday, at 5 o'clock in the morning, we intend to set off on our return journey, rest for the great heat of the day in the Police stockade midway, and then press on to get to Kyouk Myoung before dusk. A ride of 17 miles is not much, but when you have to keep with your baggage cart on very bad roads it is a little tiring. Police stockades do not provide any food, crockery, or beds; you have to take with you what you want, or do without. I don't think tired men know much difference between feather beds and teak planks; but if you can have dinner after a tiring ride you feel more comfortable and content as a rule.

The Police stockades are thus constructed:—A central hut or house, made of thick bullet proof planks, loop-holed for rifles, and then at a short distance on all sides a strong fence of bamboo stakes, forming a defence through which an enemy cannot break; this is often protected on the outside by a fringe of sharp pointed bamboos, which effectually prevent anyone scaling the stockade from the outside. The garrison is about 40 men, military police, fully armed with Snider rifles, and able to hold the post, at all events for a few hours, against any force the dacoits are likely to be able to bring against it. The purpose of the stockade at Ohn-bouk, at which we stayed, is to protect the line of communication and telegraphic route between Shwebo and Kyouk Myoung, and to be a halfway house for convoys which cannot get through in one day.

The walls of the ancient city here are very extensive, and the old moat is still filled with water in some parts. A line drawn outside the moat and city is said to be about 12 miles. I fancy that is an exaggeration, but will, as far as I can, test it for myself to-morrow.

The country just about Shwebo is very flat and good for cavalry operations, that is why the Hyderabad 3rd Cavalry are stationed here; they have done good service, and broken up many dacoit bands; their charge with the deadly lance terrifies the dacoit, and he usually bolts for his life directly he sees them charging on him.

We shall soon have been a month away from Mandalay, and the Bishop is anxious to get back to Rangoon now, but happy that we had last Sunday in Bhamo, and to-day here at Shwebo among the troops.

RETURN TO MANDALAY,—STEAMER AGROUND.

March 9th. We had the consecration of the cemetery on Monday last, and in the evening the Bishop subscribed for sports for the men. There was some splendid riding and "tent pegging." Small flat pieces of wood, say 12 inches by three inches, chalked over, one end pointed, are stuck in the ground; a lancer comes up at full gallop and picks this peg up by sending the point of his lance right through it, and carries it off in triumph. There was also a fine charge of a small squadron of cavalry on an imaginary battery, and a lot of men (mounted bare-back) at the word of command made their horses lie down flat and fired over their backs. A practical result of this training was shewn in an engagement near Kaulin, some 40 miles north-east of us, the other day. It is horrible to think of—the lancers charged a lot of poor foolish Burmans, and six of them could not wrest their lances back again, the points had gone right through the poor wretches, and they clung on in their death agony to the poles of the lances, and had to be shot through the head before the lances could be pulled back. This is war, or one of the horrible realities of war.

A Roman Catholic Chaplain (Rev. Father Wallace) has joined us, and we marched more or less together to the half-way house, the police stockade at "Ohn-bouk;" that is the proper way of pronouncing it, though our people have changed it into the sound "Am-boak." We stayed there during the heat of the day, and started again at 3-30, getting into Kyouk Myoung at 5-30. We walked our ponies, but this time more comfortably, with good English saddles lent by the officers. We expected

a somewhat rough night's lodging, but were pleased to see in the distance a big steamer coming down. I had wished to engage a Burman boat and drop down the 40 miles to Mandalay during the night, but of course the steamer was preferable; and here we are still, not knowing when we get off, but very comfortable. Bath and dinner is refreshing after hot journeys, and really it is hot again, 105° in buildings at Shwebo, one day. I do not fancy it was so hot yesterday, but we felt it a little as we jogged on with the sun at our backs, from 3-30 to 5 o'clock.

We have got no pilot, and we hear there are five steamers stuck aground on the place we stuck three-and-a-half days as we came up, so perhaps we shall stick fast too. If we do I shall have to get the boat I thought of and drop down. There is one objection, and that is there are some dacoits still lurking about, and they might give us trouble. The Bishop is disposed to start a Mission at Shwebo, and I think it will be a good place.

We went into the old city. Hardly anything left of the grandeur of the palace and city, except the walls. It was, however, interesting to see the grave of Aloungpayah, the founder of the late dynasty. There was a grand feast held in Shwebo every year after the Buddhist Lent, and its centre was the celebration of the glory of Aloungpayah at his grave. I suppose that is a thing of the past now.

The Police Officer gave me (for the Bishop) two fire-arms, captured from dacoits—one a flint-lock carbine, which we found loaded and crammed with one big bullet and four slugs; the other was an old horse pistol, also flint-lock. Just imagine the Burmans with these

rubbishy weapons trying to resist our soldiers with rifled guns and Martini-Henry rifles. Of course some of the dacoits have better weapons, but hundreds of them have only such guns as I have described above, which I should be very sorry to have to fire off, even without bullets. I should think friends would suffer more than enemies.

Buddhist Statistics.

Aug. 25th. I have this week got some big statistics of the Buddhist religion, or rather of the Buddhist monks. In Mandalay there are :—

Tha-tha-na-baing, or Pope	1
Sadaws, or Royal Chaplains	76
Rahans, or Monks, of over 10 years' standing	3,447
Thamanes, or Monks, of less than 10 years' standing	2,444
Total.....	<u>5,968</u>

Monastic Communities, 121 ; Monastic Houses, 985 ; and the population of the city is about 175,000.

In the whole of Upper Burmah, outside Mandalay, and not including the Shan States, which are semi-independent, there are :—

Gaing-chokes, or Archbishops	13
Gaing-okes, or Bishops	133
Gaing-douks, or Archdeacons	383
Kyoung-a-chokes, or Abbots	16,825

So that in all there are, I suppose, at least 50,000 monks wearing the yellow robe. Is not our task a great one to fight against this host ? What but Divine help could give us even the faintest prospect of eventual success or present advantage ? Yet the hugeness of the

system is one of the reasons why we can attack it here and there with success. I suppose really until Christianity is felt more as a social power—I mean among the Burmans—they will not care much to interfere, and we have the advantage of position now. We are rising; they have begun to feel that they have fallen in power and in public estimation. The Monarchy was the greatest stand-by of the Buddhist religion here, and now not a shadow of Royalty is left to the nation.

MISSION AT MADAYA,—BUILDINGS, &c.

Nov. 21st. I have just returned from a visit to Madaya, where we are building a small Mission House and House for native Catechist. The house is up and roof on, it only wants the walls now. Perhaps you wonder how they can build houses without walls. They put the posts up and add mat walls made of split bamboos. The house is entirely of bamboo, except perhaps the upright posts. Sometimes not a nail or bit of iron in the whole structure, the parts are firmly tied together by cane ties,—but we shall have nails in ours for more firmness and stability. The floor is raised perhaps three feet from the ground, to give dryness and ventilation; made of split bamboos, quite springy, like a cane chair, not so finely woven of course. All frame work round doors, windows, roof, &c., of bamboo, covered with bamboo tiles. Yes, you can call them so, for they are split bamboos placed one over the other to keep the rain out. We shall have ordinary thatch—grass thatch—like old farm houses in England. When floor and roof are finished, the workmen make the walls of bamboo, strip by strip, and weave fancy designs in

their work, so that if well done the house looks quite pretty. The bamboo is a wonderful tree palm. At Madaya I saw a vegetable-like thing in the market and asked what it was—young roots of bamboo for cooking purposes. The bucket for drawing water is probably made of bamboo, and bamboo oil bottles with bamboo leaf stoppers are often used on rough journeys. Goads for the oxen of course, and sticks for tickling up the boys are very common. I suppose we could find 101 uses of the graceful bamboo palm. It is sometimes as high as a hundred feet, and then the six inch diameter shoots are capital for masts and spars of the native craft, as light and as strong as you could wish.

At Madaya, about 17 miles from Mandalay, there are sometimes two or three young Englishmen. I have visited lots of young Englishmen in out of the way places, and find that those, who though far away from civilization and society still keep to refined and gentlemanly habits, are the best for doing good work, not only as servants of Government, but as Christians. A man who can afford it, and has the opportunity of doing it, yet neglects to wear collars and a decent coat, or that dispenses with the bath or table cloth, I look upon with some degree of suspicion. "Anything will do here" is a fatal maxim. You have no idea what a lot of difference clean, tidy habits make in the respect earned from Burmans. Untidy houses or offices mean confusion and disorder, arrears of work, and give opportunities to subordinates to make much mischief, perhaps to run away with Government money. In this case the officer in charge of course is responsible.

I have been now for more than a year one of the

Government examiners, at the central board in Mandalay. All the young officers, in fact everybody entering Government Service for Revenue, Law, Police, or Forest Service, has to come before the committee at least twice. This has given me a good insight into what is required for the examinations, and I have determined to bring out a book to help the candidates. If it had been done a year ago hundreds of copies would have been sold, which would no doubt have proved helpful. It would also perhaps open the way for a bigger book on the Burmese language to be done when I return (D.V.) from furlough.

CHRISTMAS AT MANDALAY—BAPTISMS, &c.

Jan. 9th, 1888. We have had a grand and glorious Christmas—beautiful weather, numbers of friends, plenty of work, feasting and playing, and, above all, most happy Church services and Sacraments.

Perhaps we have told you how people have been flocking in to us, not to be kept out, and how the Catechumens were increasing. All the regular Catechumens were brought together in one class, for the week before Christmas, and had morning and evening instructions in the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and Ten Commandments, as usual; and a very happy time it was, though very hard work, as the school examination was going on at the same time.

Christmas Eve came, and the Church decorations were very pretty. We have heaps of youngsters about us who will do what we tell them, so they helped in the Church, and very successfully too. On Christmas Eve,

4 p.m., we were ready, and formed our choir for Processional. The Military Chaplain, and a number of his steady soldiers, guildsmen, and Bible-class men joined us, and we had a very hearty service. The baptisms, 31 in number (20 men and 11 women—the eldest 67 years and the youngest 16 years), were, of course, by immersion in the baptismal tank, which is let down into the floor of the Church.

It was an affecting sight to see the people ranged round the font, and to hear them repeat altogether the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and Ten Commandments, and to hear their general and individual answers to the questions of the service. Both H—— and I felt it very much, and at times were likely to break down in the service out of pure joy and gladness. The Chaplain said the service was most impressive, and so did a Baptist Missionary who was in Church during the service. I hope all came from the right motives, and that they have found a blessing. It was indeed a day of joy to us, and so was the next day. We had no midnight service here. We thought it best not to have it, though some English people wanted it. Our work of the week before had been very hard and close, and the baptismal service was a long one, as it had added to it full Evensong with Processionals, and was not over till after six o'clock.

Christmas Day.—Mattins and sermon (English) at 8 a.m., followed by celebration in English and Burmese. Just at the end of Mattins I left the choir, put on the vestments, and then the choir went round the Church singing "O come, all ye faithful." The Burmese Christians took this as a sign, and trooped in to make

a very big congregation—such indeed as had never been seen in Mandalay Church, I suppose, since it was built. There was no sermon in this service, so it did not appear long. There were 56 communicants, and the offertory amounted to Rs.252, but with other offerings of the day and season, we had more than Rs.650 for the Church and work this Christmas season. I do not like to keep Christmas offerings in the place where they are offered, so we are sending Rs.76 to Lady Dufferin's Medical Fund for the women of India, and Rs.76 to the Shwebo Medical Mission. Other amounts we are bound to keep as they are specially offered for local work.

Burmese Mattins came at 11-30, and there were 130 Burmans and Shans present. It was a grand and enjoyable service, and what is more the people seemed to feel it so. We have now, thank God, a real Burmese congregation, and by God's blessing it will go on increasing.

In the afternoon we rushed off to get a little rest at the house of Colonel and Mrs. Laughton—very dear people, and most helpful and kind to us—and returned just in time for the boys' dinner, then for English and Burmese mixed Evensong—nice, warm, happy service again—after that to dinner at Mr. Burgess', the chief local authority here under the Chief Commissioner, and after dinner we were glad to sing and play all the Christmas hymns and carols we could lay hands upon.

Such was our happy Christmas. I have said, and say again, that it was the most Christian and Christmas-like Christmas that I have ever spent out of England, and it was as easy as could be to imagine oneself back again in a grandly decorated and crowded English Church at home among dear friends.

At the New Year came the School Feast. It was simply grand, astonishingly grand, for Mandalay. Our English visitors could hardly believe Burmese boys capable of doing what they did. Order, attention, behaviour, singing, &c., all excellent. The Burmese Christians, of course, came to the feast, and must have felt, more than ever, that they have found a home and a strong organization in the Christian faith.

Is not this cheering! It would make a Missionary of the dullest Christian, I should think. But you know all this joyful work tends to keep me back till H—is more competent to take up all the threads and reins, or until another Missionary is sent to help him in it. There is more than we two can do, and if I go away how will the half get done? I should like two young Missionaries to come out and be with me for this year, then I could leave them to do the work and take my furlough in peace, for I really want it at last. I am in my 15th year of expatriation now.

VISIT TO MADAYA,—THE NEW OUT-STATION.

Feb. 26th. I have just got my war medal, clasp and ribbon, and have worn it to the great admiration of our lads. The clasp bears the inscription, "Burmah, 1885-7." The medal has the Queen's head on one side, and on the other, Victory with wings, crowning a Greek or Roman warrior with laurel. He is seated on spoils of armour, and holds a drawn sword in one hand and the scabbard or sheath in the other.

I am off to Madaya to-night, to inspect and arrange our new purchase of houses and land there, and to set the Catechist to his work in the village. We shall, I

hope, have the first Celebration there on Tuesday morning, when probably there will be some 12 or 15 Christians gathered together from the villages about, who are to make Madaya their centre of gathering for the present.

Madaya ought to be an important station for us soon, and we will do our best to make it so. Neither H——or I have been good for much this week, what with a pony kick, sunstroke and fever,—but we are better. I go at night to avoid the heat, which just now is great. It is a very slow journey up by boat, the men have to pole up all the way.

ARRIVAL AT MADAYA,—A GANG OF SHANS IN THE
MISSION PREMISES.

Feb. 27th. Here I am, after an easy journey, only *Mission of the Holy Spirit, Madaya.* it was a disturbed one, as we now and then bumped up against a bridge or another boat. I had two blankets with me, so was beautifully warm, and made my cassock and Communion Case into a pillow; when I awoke we were nowhere in particular, but I heard the “Reveille” sounding from the bugles of some military post.

We were resting under the bushes, and my boatman had laid himself on the deck for a sleep as well, so the boat was in the possession of two sleepers. I got to Madaya Mission House at about 6-30 a.m., and to my surprise found 70 Shan dacoits or ex-dacoits in possession of our new house; this was not very pleasant as they are a dirty, untidy set of men. Hereon hangs a tale. A large party of police was ordered to go and capture a gang of 200 Shan dacoits who were said to be prowl-

ing about. They came upon the gang, and surrounded a village by night. A little firing took place. One poor woman was shot right through the body as she was running away, and these 200 men were captured with 43 guns and a full number of dahs and spears. But it turns out they were not dacoits at all, but are soldiers of the Tsawbwa of Thibau, whose sons are in our school at Mandalay, and had been sent by him to take possession of a village which our Government had told him to keep order in. Our police have made a mistake, and invaded Shan territory, so these men have to be set at liberty, their arms restored to them, some compensation paid, and the whole thing patched up. What of the poor woman?

I am afraid you must try to make up your minds not to see me this year. It is not that I wish to stay and disappoint you, but because the work here is just now so active, and requires the presence of a fully-qualified Missionary, otherwise it will greatly suffer and be checked. If things go on as they are doing now we shall want a bigger Church before long, or have to split up the day for more services. My longing for a real genuine Burmese congregation is satisfied. We have it, and now want another, and yet another.

Please look on all our work here as your own, and rejoice that it has been permitted me to see it so develop before I go home.

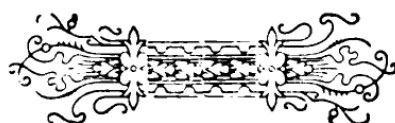
How very different from the aspect in 1874 or 1879!!

* * NOTE.—Four days after writing this letter the writer entered into his rest.

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